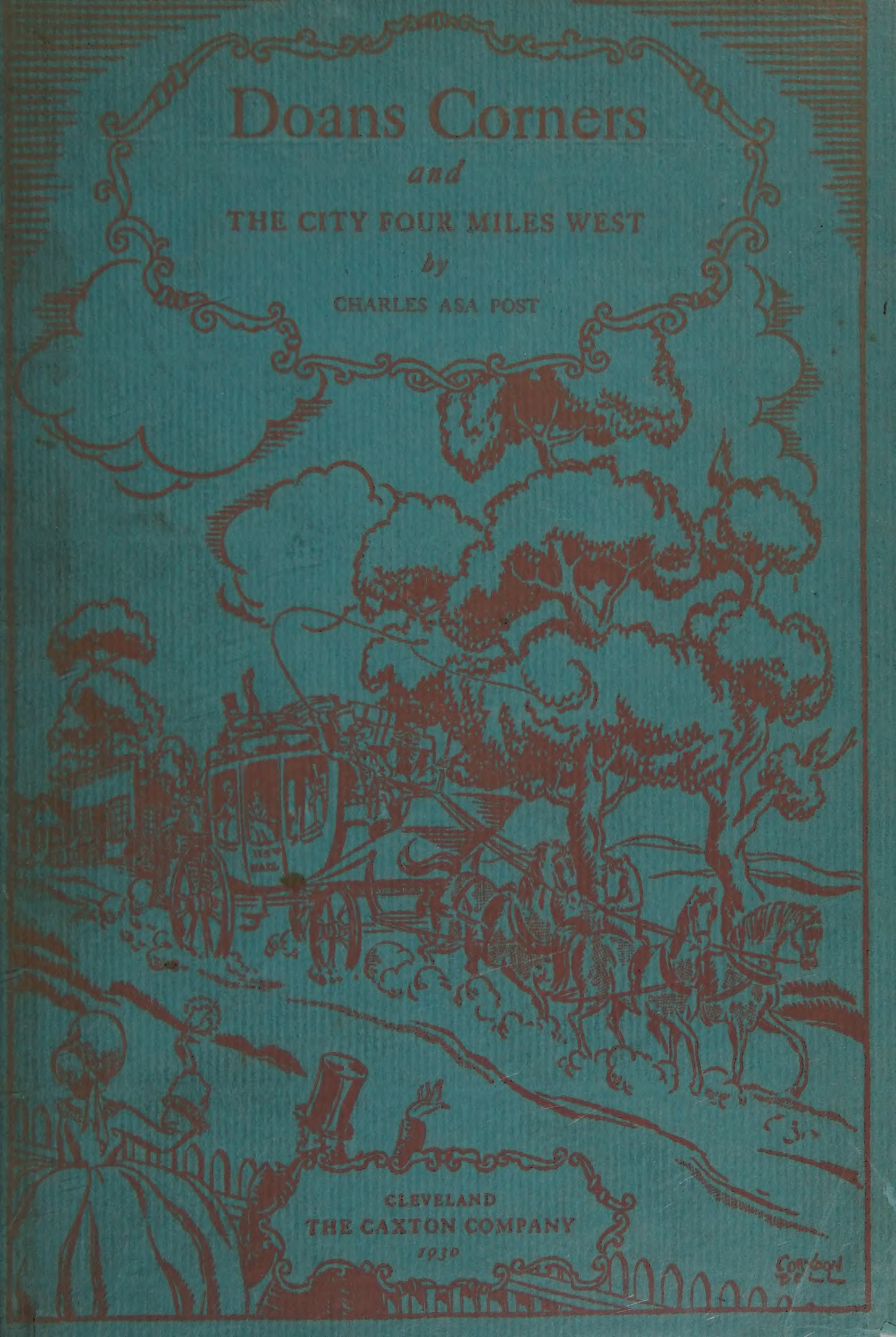
Doans Corners

and

THE CITY FOUR MILES WEST

by

CHARLES ASA POST



CLEVELAND
THE CAXTON COMPANY
1930

From Cleveland Plain Dealer

"One should kindle a wood fire and turn out all else but the reading lamp, place a glass of cider near at hand, and then stretch out in an easy-chair and pick up the book. And presently one will find himself back in an age when Euclid and East 105th was far more quiet and, perhaps, an easier place to live."

—Roelif Loveland

"I have read it with increasing admiration, not only for the great amount of information it contains, but for the easy style in which it is written—for it has literary as well as historical value."

—Ted Robinson

* * *

"You have preserved the past and given it in good form to the long future."

—Chas. F. Thwing
Pres. Emeritus, Western Reserve University

* * *

"I think you have done remarkably well in combining history with human interest, and it seemed to me that your treatment was particularly well rounded and well proportioned."

—Chalmers Hadley
Librarian, Public Library of Cincinnati

* * *

"Genealogically speaking, you certainly covered the field and your efforts will be appreciated to a far greater extent than you probably conceived while compiling your data."

—Eckstein Case

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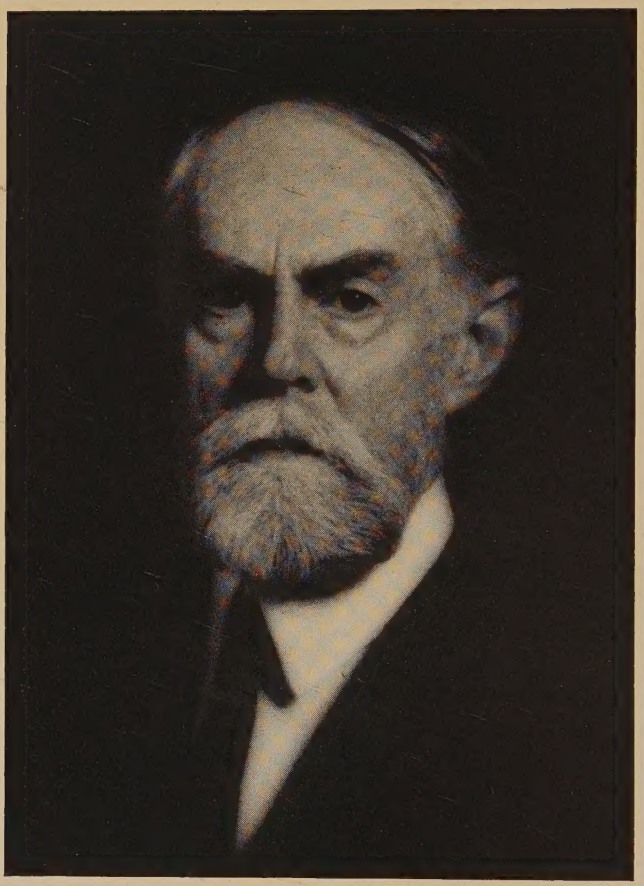

Portrait of Author, now in his 81st year.

Doans Corners

AND

THE CITY FOUR MILES WEST

BY

CHARLES ASA POST

WITH A GLANCE AT CUYAHOGA COUNTY

AND THE WESTERN RESERVE

CLEVELAND

THE CAXTON COMPANY

1930

Dedicated to all those, either living or gone before,
who have ever lived at the "Corners,"
once a quiet village, now a vortex of the strenuous street life
of the great city that was four miles west,
but now engulfs it.

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First Printing, September 1930

Second Printing, October 1930

PREFACE

To the Second Edition

THAT the book "Doans Corners" has been so well and kindly received seems rather wonderful, and is, of course, most gratifying and inspiring to me.

So when my wise publishers and other friends suggested and requested a second printing, I readily consented to the venture and am moved to write this short introduction to the new volume.

Many kind letters of approval and commendation have come to me, both from old-time and new friends who have said in varied phrase "We like it"! While each one had a message of joy for my heart, some as well brought tears to my eyes, as friends and scenes of the long-ago days were most vividly recalled by the writers.

Recently, reading over these letters and saying what a wonderful scrapbook they will make, one, with the frankness of a relative, thought it might be better than the original book; but quickly retracted as he felt his acute unpopularity. However, I think there was a suggestion of truth in what he said, and am only sorry that my readers cannot see and read all of them.

Hoping this second edition may not disillusionize or alienate any, but rather meeting as kindly a reception as the first, make for itself new friends, I launch it with gratitude and hope.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND MENTION

Since I undertook to write a real book not fully comprehending all that it involved, the kindly, sympathetic helpfulness manifested toward me by so many has been a surprise and delight. My sincere thanks go to the poet who wrote for this volume the fine and appropriate introductory quatrain, and as well to the poet philosopher, columnist whose lovely verse I filched as fitting for my garden story. Mr. C. H. Hutchinson, of the County Surveyor's office, who volunteered his aid, was most cordially helpful, both by encouraging words and skillful, patient and gratuitous work in map making and securing record data. Then came the friendly and valuable advice of Dr. George E. Follansbee, Chairman of the Rowfant Publication Committee, that gave me confidence just when needed.

The helpful courtesies accorded me at the Public Library and The Western Reserve Historical Society stand out preeminently. At the Library my very special thanks are due to Miss Gertrude Robertson, of the History Section, who has been often and ever a most valued advisor, while Miss Marjorie Borne, of the Catalogue Department, gave me appreciated assistance in the selection of photographs for reproduction, and Mr. Gordon Thayer was a general and ever ready consultant. Mr. Wallace H. Cathcart, Vice President and Director of The Western Reserve Historical Society, welcomed me to the Museum and its great treasure of matters historical where the Librarian, Miss Burwell, rendered great assistance and Miss Pollock and Miss Thorne hunted out valuable photographs for me to select from.

I am, indeed, most fortunate in that my occasional stenographer, who is rapid, accurate and grammatical, has had the ability and courage to punctuate my text when it was in need of such reform.

Among the long-suffering friends upon whom, from time to time, I tested portions of my manuscript as I wrote them were Mr. Frank M. Smith and my brother at the office; Mr. N. Lawson Lewis at The Rowfant Club; Miss Clara L. Petre, who patiently read and helpfully criticised with ever a keen eye for split infinitives and other such; Miss Grace D. Treat gave valuable time from a very busy life to read

and frankly criticise; Mrs. Ida R. Pennington was an early and most encouraging auditor, as was Miss Jessie B. Jones, who listened, read and commended. My fellow-Rowfanter, Doctor J. R. Owens, was my first subscriber, and Miss Rene Burdett the first lady who said: "I want a copy."

And my very hearty thanks are due and accorded to my friend, Mr. Homer B. Cozad, who, from the outset, understood and helped most sympathetically and practically.

That most artistic amateur photographer, booklover and collector, Mr. William T. Higbee, has greatly favored me with two beautiful photographs taken especially for this volume and for which I thank him most sincerely.

All and sundry at The Caxton Company have been kind beyond my power of adequate praise or acknowledgment. However, I venture to make special, grateful mention there of Mr. D. L. Smith, a brother-Rowfanter, and his business associates, Mr. J. F. Berkes and Mr. George G. Adomeit, all of whom have shown friendly interest and given me graciously and patiently of their valuable time, while Mr. Corydon Bell, whose charming drawings adorn the chapter heads, has shown not only rare artistic ability but, also, poetic comprehension of both old-time village atmosphere and that of the modern city.

When I was inspired to ask some of the dear old-time friends to write me from their memories of the good old Corners' days, I had no conception of the wealth of charming reminiscence that would result, nor of the beautiful spirit in which it would be written. While these, my friends (and I), have all written much about the same people, places and incidents, which we perforce must do, as our old-time field was narrow, village people were few in number and our horizon a close-in one, yet there is a decided individuality about each letter, and in it, mention of something that differentiates it from every other one.

So in giving thanks to my correspondents one and all, I am moved to tell my readers a little about these writers, scattered as they are from New York City to the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Mary Ingersoll Burt, of Detroit, whose gentle spirit, alas, has passed on since she wrote that beautiful letter, which, in itself, clearly indicates her lovely character as one of the finest of the Corners' girls.

Mrs. Wood, who has written a shorter but most excellent letter, was somewhat younger than most of us, and known at school as the "Amiable" Clara Hudson,

daughter of Mr. William Hudson, head of a well-known family, whose sons, Will and Ward, were my intimate schoolmates.

Mrs. Clara Ford Gould, now of Indianapolis, eldest daughter of Mr. Horatio C. Ford, has a great fund of incidents of past days, which she recalls and writes of in an inimitable way.

Of the men who have written, Mr. Andrew Brott, one of the most irrepressible of our village boys, found a field for the useful expression of his restless energies as a captain in the Cleveland Fire Department, which position he faithfully filled for many years, but from which he has now retired.

Mr. Scott Doane, of the Collamer Doanes, who is now resident in California, and still active at 88 years of age, has written well and interestingly of the very early times.

Mr. L. D. Brockway, once a farm boy "on the ridge," also 88 years of age, now retired and a resident of Syracuse, N. Y., has sent a fine letter about some things which go back beyond the memory of most any of us.

Next in age is Mr. "Lonnie" Stafford, who at 83 years of age still has very clear memories of our hamlet, near the confines of which he still resides.

Mr. Charles L. Pack, much younger but still quite a veteran, is a man of wealth now, non-resident for many years, and of international repute as an author who is an authority in America on our forests and their conservation, and who, with the cooperation of his son, is still rendering most valuable service in preserving our country's natural beauty.

Mr. "Will" Cozad (grandson of Mr. Samuel Cozad, often mentioned), now living at Geneva, Ohio, has from his wealth of memories written a long and excellent letter which I have been forced to cut most shamefully because of lack of space.

Mr. "Harry" Remington, once a Corners' boy but now for many years a New Yorker, is learned in the law and is the author of many legal books which are authoritative.

Professor "Frank" H. Neff, he of the "middle ages," is now the senior member of Case School faculty, with many of his former students as admiring friends not only in America but at the far corners of the earth.

Mr. John J. Phare, now of Florida, wrote a letter of intense and in parts tragic human interest from which I glean but the most salient points.

Mr. "Charlie" Cairns, now of Chicago, and high in the councils and administra-

tion of one of America's greatest railway systems, has written a letter which delighted me, and will you, but which I confess makes me a bit envious because of its marked excellence of style and expression.

Mr. Alton Smith, one of the youngest of all these contributors, has written with a directness and lucidity that tells much in a few words.

In addition to these, I had asked Mr. Leslie Metcalf to write at least that story of Uncle John Hurlbut, Squire Fuller and the cider, but he has failed me, and so I've had to write it in my much inferior fashion, lacking his better version and many embellishments.

I also wanted Mr. "Will" Millard to write that good story he tells so well about Uncle "Hymie" Sherwin, his cow and the dog and parrot at the Corners, but he not responding, the story seems lost to posterity. The other letters scattered through the text tell their own story and their writers need no introduction.

Spite the changes which time has brought to the Corners as elsewhere, one is even yet cheered by the occasional sight of old-time faces that still appear about the old, familiar spot. Of those who have known the locality for thirty years or more (Aye, fifty or sixty, a few of them), I, now and again, see Doctor Charles F. Thwing, the eminent educator and author, now President Emeritus of Western Reserve University, Doctor Francis H. Herrick of Western Reserve University, Doctor Dayton C. Miller, Professor Frank H. Neff and Mr. Eckstein Case of the Case School of Applied Science, Mr. I. T. Frary of the Museum of Art, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Frary, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hatfield, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Millard, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Post, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wellman, Mr. T. A. Heward and his daughter Miss Elta E. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. King, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Moatz, Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Doorn, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bedell, Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Ora Coltman and Mr. and Mrs. Harley G. Smith.

Among the ladies not before mentioned, who still, sometimes, visit the Corners they have known so well (but, of course, not for so many years), are Mrs. A. J. Smith and her daughter Miss Miriam Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Early, Mrs. C. M. Preston, Mrs. H. T. Loomis, Mrs. T. A. Langan, Mrs. Myrtie Powers Moore, Mrs. Maybelle Wilson Stearns, Mrs. F. P. Brown, Mrs. Belle Bierce Stair, Mrs. Nellie Hogen Whittlesey, Mrs. J. Q. Riddle, Mrs. I. R. Pennington, Mrs. Virginia King Gilkey,

Miss Dolman, Miss Fannie Farr, Miss Millie Brown, Miss Alice Sloan, Miss Helen E. Lusk, Miss P. B. Chipman, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Lora C. Pumphrey, Mrs. M. Sidman, Miss Caroline Osborn, the scholarly Miss Helen M. Smith, now Dean of the College for Women, and Miss Elizabeth Doan Sprague, once a tennis champion (and ambidextrous), who is still as earnest and thorough in the more serious roles of scholar and educator, and seems to think a really restful summer means much extra work, and the taking of a degree.

And of men, more or less old-timers, still appearing at times, there are Messrs. L. L. Pope, Eugene Diehl, Frank Cadwell, Charles Hecker, C. L. Gesch, Ralph L. Harding, Harry Bard, Fred Morgan, George Meade, Charlie Hendershot and Pearl, "that youngest Preston boy," from Fairmount Street.

My portions of these chronicles and what not have been written in part on old envelopes and scraps of paper, at odd times and places, and in greatly varying moods, with the writer sometimes hopeful, even confident that they were worth while, then again "plunged in a gulf of dark despair" and sure they were "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable." But now that all's done, he believes the book, as a whole, will appeal to the few survivors of the Old Guard, to some of the middle-aged, some of the curious, and later may even interest members of the younger generation whose environment is so very, very different from that of the old-time Corners and city people.

On a final reading of my manuscript, even with its possible lapses and errors, I feel quite justified, and in a way satisfied, knowing that I have sincerely tried to simply and plainly tell of some very worth while places, people and matters that otherwise might never have gone on record.

"And what is writ, is writ; would it were worthier."

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	Introductory	9
I	*The Fair Forest*	12
II	*The Eries*	16
III	*The Western Reserve*	24
IV	*Moses Cleaveland and Early Cleveland*	31
V	*Nathaniel Doan*	41
VI	*Doans Corners Village Life*	52
VII	*Some Early Families*	66
VIII	*Village Miscellany*	84
IX	*Early Merchants and Doans Armory*	94
X	*Old Houses*	101
XI	*The Garden*	106
XII	*The Pigeons*	111
XIII	*The Seven Brooks*	115
XIV	*The Shakers*	120
XV	*The Quarry Railroad*	124
XVI	*The Three Churches*	128
XVII	*Woodward Lodge, Clubs and Libraries*	141
XVIII	*Echoes Far and Near*	152
XIX	*The Doan Hundred*	177
XX	*The City Four Miles West*	181
XXI	*Ursuline Convent*	201
XXII	*Troop, Battery and Others*	204

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Portrait of Charles Asa Post, Author	*Frontispiece*
Birthplace of Moses Cleaveland	*33*
Map of Doans Corners about 1857	*55*
Samuel Cozad Home	*83*
Abner McIlrath Tavern	*85*
Portrait of William Halsey Doan	*97*
Old Barber-Fuller-Noble-Harkness House	*103*
W. A. Neff Home	*105*
Old Shaker Grist Mill	*123*
Euclid Avenue Congregational Church	*129*
Portrait of Reverend J. H. Goldner	*133*
Cleveland Museum of Art	*179*
Map of "The Doan Hundred"	*179*
Sanitary Fair, Public Square, 1864	*183*
Cleveland, 1832	*185*
Lincoln Catafalque	*185*
Viaduct Banquet Menu	*185*
Map of Cleveland, 1857	*185*
Weddell House	*187*
Old Post Office	*197*
First Balloon Ascension, 1875	*201*
Ursuline Convent	*201*
East 30th Street	*201*
First City Troop	*207*

"Doans Corners and The City Four Miles West"—
These must be words to conjure with, for here
Between these fragile covers you have pressed
Forgotten kingdoms, and a lost frontier.

—John French Wilson

INTRODUCTION

"Those far off leisurely days, full of the zest of living."

From your memories my brothers,
From the thousand responses of my heart, never to cease
From such as now they start, the scene revisiting,
I, chanter of pains and joys, a reminiscence sing.

—Whitman (Adapted)

MY younger brother, James R. Post, seems primarily responsible for this book, as coming in one day, he told me someone had asked him to write of his early recollections at the Corners, and so casually passed it on to me, saying: "You had better write something." As about that time several others asked me to make a record of the past, I took up the matter rather lightly, and without enthusiasm, but it soon became an absorbing and exacting, yet delightful task, and so has continued.

With the material gathered, some other might have written the story better than I, but to no one could it have been more a labor of love.

Born in 1848 at Doans Corners, just on the fringe of the "Doan Hundred," where our happy home life and intimate surroundings were practically those of a transplanted New England village, and being the oldest Cleveland resident born in that vicinity, I took

my pen in hand to write of that old-time, simple life and was led on to some more ancient and some more modern matters.

The considerable research and the correspondence with old-time and some new friends have been delightfully interesting, and the harvest gathered seems worthy of preservation in a form permanent and accessible. Gleaning freely from various sources has made this a patchwork of compiled and original matter.

Writing about the village, members of our family and many dear friends of the early and the later days, I may, at times, remind of one of whom it was said: "His adjectives made you doubt his facts."

While I have verified most historical statements and have very clear recollections of our village and even some of the city from 1855 to the present, yet all I've written may seem to some readers like "shadows of facts, sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history."

While it has been impossible to keep out personal and family references, I really tried to subordinate them and have had to omit mention of many of our finest and most interesting "Corners" people, as space is limited and my ability to properly tell of them is even more so.

Like the strains of some long forgotten music,
The memory of the days of olden time
Come knocking at our door.

—Cherry.

Most of our Corner folk were fine types of New England men and women, and in this New Connecticut of the Western Reserve, I think our women would have fully endorsed and subscribed to this Woman's Rights Declaration from an early New England magazine:

"THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

We assert our rights, for 'tis our pride
In all domestic matters to preside,
And on the mystery of raising pies,
Compounding soups and stews philosophize.
Are Fathers, Brothers, Friends oppressed with care,
We claim a right in all their griefs to share.
It is our right to watch the sick man's bed,
Bathe the swollen limb or bind the aching head.
These rights we may assert, and however common
These and these only, are the rights of Woman."

While the letters from early friends and quotations make this publication worthy, I still have a feeling of fellowship with the lady manager of the "Gossip Department" of the Boston *Weekly Magazine* of 1803, who mentions her own works as: "Having a considerable degree of merit." Yet very conscious of possible errors, faulty phraseology and lapses as to chronological sequence, I can but ask a reading kindly charitable, rather than coldly critical.

"To make the past present
To bring the distant near."

CHAPTER ONE

THE FAIR FOREST

But the old voice of water, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild fowl, the rustling of trees.
—Whittier.

"An expanse of virgin beauty and golden promise."

LONG ago, when the forest primeval covered with grand and glorious profusion the valleys, hills and plains of our Ohio, the sections along the south shore of Lake Erie and the valley of the Cuyahoga seems to have been so favored of nature that they were greatly desired by the Red Man, and thought worth fighting for, even to death and tribal extermination. These forests of magnificent oak, ash, hickory, beech, maple, walnut and many other lofty growths were alive with game, and waters of lake, river and numerous brooks, then all pure and clear, were teeming with fish, including the mighty sturgeon, the delicious whitefish, the gamey black bass and many others. One writer has called this spot the "Paradise of Ohio," so we natives quite agree with Kipling, in his "Sussex":

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each, one place to prove
Beloved over all.

Mills, in *The Western Reserve*, says of this terrain, in words more poetic than mine: "In all nature there was nothing to compare with, or that equaled in sublimity, the primeval American forest. Gigantic trees, towering above vines and shrubs, were reflected in the alternating shadow and sunlight by the limpid stream. The hum of insects and the swaying of the branches in the breeze murmured a low accompaniment to the singing of the birds, producing a harmony that was broken only by the howl of the wolf, the scream of the wildcat, or the war whoop of the Indian.

Words cannot picture the beauty of the autumnal foliage in the days of virgin forests, nor depict the dreamy haze of Indian Summer."

This forest was probably unsurpassed on the North American continent, or perhaps in the world.

This goodly land, since known to man, has always been sought and claimed by some people, and at some periods, by many peoples at the same time. The earliest records show that the lands comprising the Western Reserve had been claimed, contested and fought for in some way by eleven tribes, nations, colonies, companies or individuals before Moses Cleaveland, representing the Connecticut Yankees, came to superintend the survey and allotment of the future metropolis in its midst, literally so, as it is very nearly in the center of the Reserve.

Another has written: "The territory that is now the State of Ohio was in almost every part covered with dense forests when first visited by white men. The traveler might journey many hours and see the sky above him only through the interlacing branches of the trees, except when he crossed a stream of water; yet, here and there, intervals of open country relieved the somber monotony

of the woods. Rivers and brooks were innumerable, and carried a much greater volume of water than they do today."

Moses Cleaveland's report to The Connecticut Land Company, his employer, dated August 5, 1796, says: "The lands on the lake shore, near Cleaveland, are in some places low, here and there a small cranberry pond, and on the east of the Cuyahoga are clay banks from thirty to forty feet high. On top the land level covered with chestnut, oak, walnut, ash and some sugar maple. There are but few hemlocks and those only on a swamp, pond or lake."

Verifying my statement as to Ohio being a great game section, I find that not only were there large herds of deer and the other ordinary denizens of the forest, but that at one time herds of elk and buffalo also roamed over all northern Ohio.

As late as the early part of the eighteenth century, there were still some elk and even a few buffalo in this section. In 1838, five hundred deer were killed in one day, as the result of a drive or "circular" hunt near Akron, only about forty miles from Cleveland.

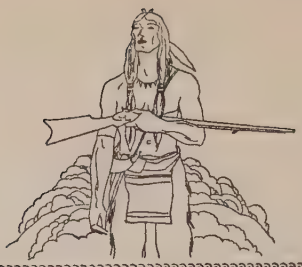
Buffalo were found by James Smith in southern Ohio in 1750, and were seen by General Croghan near Lake Erie in 1772. They were also reported in the vicinity of the Scioto River by Reverend D. Jones. Vanderhill, in a memoir on Canada of the date 1687, said: "Buffaloes abound on the south shore of Lake Erie." And here is a big one from the journal of Sergeant John Bruck, dated Fort Harmer, Ohio, March 27, 1787, where an entry reads: "Some of the hunters brought into the fort a buffalo that was eighteen hands high and weighed one thousand pounds."

The last buffalo were killed in Ohio in Jackson County in 1802 by a man who was still living in 1838. Their path or trail was then visible.

General Harmer wrote to General Thomas Mifflin from Fort Harmer under date of November 9, 1787, that he was moving to Fort Washington, near the mouth of the Licking River, and that buffaloes were abundant in that neighborhood.

Mrs. Willets, of the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, has courteously written in reply to my letter of inquiry: "The report of the United States National Museum for the year 1887 contains a lengthy article on 'The Extermination of the American Bison,' which states that the last buffalo was seen in Ohio in 1795.

I was not able to find as definite a date for the disappearance of the elk, but found that it lingered longest in Pennsylvania, and the last one reported there was about fifty years ago."



CHAPTER TWO

THE ERIES

This is the forest primeval, but where
Are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears
In the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
—Evangeline.

"Who held this land before we came,
What were they like, and what their name?"

HONORABLE HARVEY RICE, one of our local historians, in an address, once said: "From time immemorial, a powerful Indian tribe, the Eries, occupied the southeast shore of Lake Erie, from whom the lake derives its name. They were a war-like race who lived, flourished and became extinct at a date in the almost prehistoric past. After their destruction, they were succeeded by fragments of various migrating tribes, who occupied the ancient domain of the Eries."

In a volume of the Archaeological and Historical Society of Ohio, one reads: "And of these Eries strange, interesting folk, one of the earliest tribes of which we have history, we have no detail. One authority says they are Algonquin, another denies the proposition. They perished in the dawn of Ohio's history."

Colonel Charles Whittlesey says the Eries were the most power-

ful of all of the Indian tribes. Another has spoken of them as "the half fabulous and mighty race, Proud Lords of the Great Lake."

Surprisingly little seems known of this once strong Erie nation, which, for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years occupied the south shore of Lake Erie from New York State to the Cuyahoga River, their domain once extending southward to the Ohio River. So few are their traces and so meagre their recorded history that by some writers they have been called legendary. Yet, they did live and hunt and fight and finally perish as a tribe while holding this section where we are living today.

They gave their name to our lake, and so we are interested to know of the derivation and meaning of the word "Erie," which had many variants, as I find this tribe mentioned as the Eries, Erians, Eriez, Eriegas and the Cat Nation, the last being what the Jesuit Fathers and later the French traders called them. It is probable that the Iroquois had but one generic name for the wild cat and the panther, so writers of the Jesuit Relations sometimes speak of the Eries as the People of the Panther, and repeatedly as the Cat Tribe.

However, the name "Erie" is said to be a Huron compound word, meaning "it is the long-tailed" and in the Tuscarora dialect it means a lion. So, in spite of the early French map makers calling our lake Lac La Chat or Cat Lake, I contend it should be Panther Lake, that being the one of the native wild cat tribe that has a long tail.

As the Eries were known as the fierce lords of the farther west, the defenders of homes, the terrible warriors of the Cat Tribe, they must have been panther-like and well deserved that cognomen, rather than that of the smaller cat. Cherry, in *The Portage Path*, says of the Eries: "Many generations ago the

southern shore of Lake Erie was settled and inhabited for centuries by a strange and mysterious race of whom history is dumb and speaketh not."

The Jesuit Relations for 1653 speaking of Lake Erie, says: "It was at one time inhabited toward the south by certain peoples whom we called the Cat Nation."

In the exhaustive work of authority, "The Hand Book of American Indians," the Eries are described as "a populous sedentary Iroquoian tribe, inhabiting in the seventeenth century the territory extending south from Lake Erie probably to the Ohio River."

Yet, all mention from every source gives them credit for great fierceness and bravery in battle. They used bows and poison arrows most rapidly and skillfully. It was said they fought like Frenchmen, sustaining the first charge of the Iroquois who were armed with muskets, and then falling upon the Iroquois with a hailstorm of arrows, discharging eight or ten before a musket could be reloaded.

In their last great battle, where they were practically exterminated as a nation, they probably had some firearms but were short of ammunition, and being greatly outnumbered, went down to defeat before the might and strategy of the combined forces of the better armed Five Nations.

The great and decisive battle is of such interest historically that it seems worthy of description verbatim from the version seemingly most authentic. Most history of this ancient people has come to us through the enemies who destroyed them, as no white man, saving perhaps a few French missionaries, seems ever to have seen them, and their mention, even in the Jesuit Relations, is rather casual and lacking in detail, so, perhaps, their case is not

always fairly represented, but enough so as to show them well hated and feared by their foes.

In 1654, the Jesuit Father LeMoyne, then on a mission to the Iroquois, says in his journal for August 14, "A young chief of the Iroquois, captain of a levy of eighteen hundred men, who were to set out as soon as possible to prosecute the war against the Cat Nation, begged me urgently for baptism." The Jesuit Relations of 1654 says: "War between the Eries and the Iroquois has begun, which especially leads the Iroquois to strive for peace with the French and Hurons." In another place in the Relations under date of 1655, and showing the fibre of the Eries, one of the Fathers said: "A child of ten years, captured from the Eries, with whom the Iroquois are at war, is burnt to death, and not a tear or a cry escaped him from amid the flames."

The Senecas, the strongest tribe of the Confederacy of The Five Nations, held the country next east of the Eries, and there was long continued friction and distrust between these tribes. The Eries suspected that the Senecas might enlist the aid of their associates of the Five Nations in a war against them, but feeling confident that they could defeat the Senecas, as a single tribe, issued a number of challenges to the Senecas for trials of endurance, strength and skill among their young men. Some little time before their great and last battle, the Eries had finally forced upon the Senecas an acceptance of their challenges at Indian games. And thus, as finally arranged, the two tribes met at a designated place with one hundred young men on either side, selected as the very flower of their respective nations. His warriors having been decisively defeated at the game of ball and as well in foot races, the humiliated chief of the Eries proposed as a last test of courage and Spartan endurance, that ten young men should be chosen from

the one hundred on each side for wrestling matches, the conditions of which were that in each of the ten matches, the victor was at once to kill and scalp his defeated adversary. A chosen Seneca met one of the Eries under these sanguinary rules, and being the victor, generously refused to exact the extreme penalty from his prostrate foe. Upon this, the maddened chief of the Eries dashed upon the defeated warrior of his own tribe and brained him with his tomahawk. This same result, the defeat of an Erie by a Seneca, occurred in three wrestling matches in succession, and in each case the infuriated Erie chief killed the fallen warrior of his own nation. The Seneca chief, seeing the frenzied condition of the Eries, gave the signal to end the bout, and with his warriors promptly left the place, leaving the Eries in possession of the field of their defeat and disgrace. From this time, the Eries planned a surprise attack upon the Senecas, hoping to defeat them before the Confederates of the Senecas could come to their assistance, but the plans of the Eries became known to their enemies through the escape of a Seneca squaw who had been held prisoner by the Eries. She returned to her own tribe and told them of the purpose of the Eries. Thus warned, the Senecas not only massed their own warriors, but as well called to battle with them the forces of their Confederates of "The Long House." Meantime, the Eries, believing their plans and movements entirely unknown, started with a powerful war party, expecting to surprise and attack the Senecas, who resided at the foot of Seneca Lake (the present site of Geneva, New York), and along the banks of the Seneca River. The Senecas, fully informed of the Eries' movements and intentions, had in the meantime organized from their own tribe, and that of their associates, a body of five thousand warriors, and a Reserve Corps of one thousand selected young

men who had never been in battle. The bravest chiefs from all of the tribes were put in command. The two forces met at a point about half way between the foot of Canandaigua Lake and the Genesee River, the shallow outlet of the lake only intervening between them.

At first nothing could resist the impetuosity of the Eries as, rushing through the water, they fell upon the foe with tremendous fury. The full forces of the combined tribes, except the corps of young men held in reserve, now became engaged, and fought hand to hand and foot to foot, no quarter being asked or given. As the fight thickened and became more desperate, the Eries for the first time became sensible of the fact that their enemies had combined for their absolute destruction, and thus they found themselves engaged suddenly and unexpectedly in a struggle, not only involving the glory, but the very existence of their nation. During this fierce and prolonged battle, the Eries had been driven back seven times across the outlet and had as often regained their ground, but the eighth time, at a given signal from their chief, the reserve corps of young warriors of the Five Nations, until now in skillful ambush, rushed upon the rear and flank of the exhausted Eries with a crushing attack, thus deciding the fortune of the day. Hundreds of the Eries, disdaining to fly, were struck down by the war clubs of the vigorous young warriors, who, thirsting for blood, were that day determined to make for themselves a name as great braves. A few of the vanquished Eries escaped and retreated toward their homes, but the victors were close upon them, slaughtering them in their flight. The victors, however, did not escape heavy losses, so great indeed that they were said to have been forced to remain in camp two months near the battlefield, burying their dead and caring for their wounded.

One account relates that the night after this great battle, several hundreds of the captured Erie braves, many of them wounded, were bound to stakes and trees and burned at one time. This scene, illuminated by these human torches, with the taunting shouts and yells of the victors, and the defiant death songs of the victims, must have produced an inferno of sights and sounds beyond conception of the most vivid imagination, and so beyond description. What price a film and record!

So, in 1656, ended the Eries as a nation and their former territory seems to have been from that time to the coming of the white man a hunting and camping ground for adjacent tribes, but really under the domination of the Iroquois and without any considerable permanent villages or towns within its area.

The Eries have been much neglected by the novelists and poets, except that Robert W. Chambers uses them in his peculiar story, *The Hidden Children*, and that very unpleasantly, making them out to be a tribe of the lowest type; but, as his novel is of a date more than a hundred years after their extermination, the Erie characters introduced are evidently purely imaginary and in nowise historical, as are several of the white men in this tale, who were factors in real events of those days.

He seems to have dragged the Eries in to call them hard names, yet I fail to see that offering captives as sacrifices to their God "Malochol" by strangulation on a stone altar slab was worse than burning and torturing at the stake, as practiced by all the Indian tribes. I quote from Chambers' novel:

"Those who took up arms against the Long House (Five Nations) were received as allies when conquered—save only the treacherous Cat Nation or Eries—who were utterly annihilated

by the knife and hatchet or by adoption and ultimate absorption in this Seneca nation."

In an account of a ceremonial dance given by the Senecas, he writes: "Behind her filed the Cat People, Malochol's hideous acolytes, each wearing the Nez-Perce ridge of porcupine-like hair, the lynx skin coat and necklace of claws; and all howling to the measure of the little painted drums. These cat murderers of little children, the polluters of the three fires."

Again, he says: "Then, the Night Hawk uttered the shrill Oneida view Hallo, and into the thicket we sprang, and strove to catch the creature alive, and out of the bushes we dragged one of Malochol's greasy-skinned assassins, still writhing as we flung the Erie, like a scotched snake, upon the sand, where the Mohican struck him dead and ripped the scalp from his oiled and shaven head."

The largest settlement and fort of the Eries was at or near the site of the present city of Conneaut. There are on record the names of but two of the villages of the Eries, those being Irque and Gentaienton. An estimate of the total number of this strong tribe was about 14,500.

As late as 1907 one authority says: "A portion of the so-called Senecas now living in the Indian Territory are probably descendants of Erie refugees."

CHAPTER THREE

THE WESTERN RESERVE

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find,
The raw material of a state,
Its muscle and its mind.

—Whittier.

IN 1726 the Iroquois ceded to the English a strip of land on the south shore of Lake Erie, sixty miles in width and extending westward to the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. This strip included the eastern part of our Western Reserve; but long before, in 1662, Charles the Second of England had ceded this same territory to the Colony of Connecticut. The Reserve was once called "a state separate from Ohio," and retained some of this aloofness until as late as about 1860. One authority has described the Western Reserve of Connecticut as "comprising the northeast corner of Ohio, it being a parallelogram in shape, extending seventy-one and one-half miles from the forty-first parallel of latitude and one hundred and twenty miles west from the bound-

ary line of Pennsylvania. About one-third of the area of this parallelogram is in Lake Erie, taking in Put-in-Bay Island and Kelleys Island at least in part, the area of the whole tract being about three and one-half million acres."

Definitely the Connecticut Western Reserve originally consisted of about three million, three hundred and thirty-five thousand acres, embracing the present counties of Ashtabula, Lake, Cuyahoga, Geauga, Trumbull, Portage, Summit (except two townships), Medina, Lorain, Huron, Erie and parts of Mahoning and Ashland.

The Fire Lands often mentioned in history consisted of five hundred thousand acres taken out of the west end of the Connecticut Western Reserve, this tract being set aside to compensate Connecticut Colonists for losses from British depredations during the Revolutionary War. These Fire Lands took in the counties of Erie and Huron.

In 1795 Connecticut sold a portion of this territory to the Connecticut Land Company, at about forty cents per acre, the funds being used for the benefit of the Connecticut Common School Funds.

The real history of the Western Reserve began in 1662, when Governor Winthrop, of the Connecticut Colony, visited England on a mission to Charles the Second, asking him to sign a charter already prepared by the Colony, granting to Connecticut the right of self-government and a strip of territory extending to the Pacific Ocean. This charter, granted Governor Winthrop, was the one which afterwards became famous, as being hidden in the Charter Oak, when "the lights went out." This noted tree, so dear to the hearts of all Yankees, was also known as the "Tree of Liberty."

Asked by the King how far the Pacific coast was from the Colony, Governor Winthrop said: "Your Majesty, I think it can be seen from the hilltops that mark the western limit of Connecticut." Governor Winthrop was evidently a diplomat, he having early in his audience with the King shown him a massive gold ring with a diamond setting, given Winthrop's father by Charles the First, for some special service rendered long years before.

After the King had signed the concession, ceding this territory extending to the Pacific and granting the right of self-government to the Colony, Governor Winthrop returned to Connecticut, where he was given an enthusiastic reception by his people. It is an open question whether the Governor's reply to the King as to the distance to the Pacific coast was from ignorance, diplomacy or subtlety. A little later this same Charles the Second had many home troubles, a visitation of the plague scourging London in 1665, while the great London fire came in 1666, both occurring during his reign. Yet he evidently had pleasures as well as sorrows, and I, as a tennis enthusiast, was interested to learn that this Monarch was a devotee of this finest of sports, as witness the following from an authority: "Louis XIV of France appointed a Maitre-paumier, or Master of the Tennis Court, while each prince had his tennis master. Charles the First of England was known to make appointments to play at six in the morning, while his son, Charles the Second, though a more indolent Monarch, played for hours at a time; an indispensable adjunct to the game in his case, however, being large amounts of perfume ordered to be sent for the King's play in the tennis court of James Street in the Haymarket." (This James Street Court was still in use in the 1860's).

Notwithstanding the fact that two years later Charles the Second casually gave the same strip of land to his brother James,

Duke of York, Connecticut held the grant and claimed the territory against James and all the other many claimants until 1787, when the State of Connecticut surrendered this great and indefinite section of the former Northwest Territory, with a very shaky title, to the United States for an actual title to what we now know as the Western Reserve. The Indians, who were the real owners and occupants of the land, seem not to have been disturbed by all these grants and gifts, and occupied the area until about 1795.

The Connecticut people seem to have developed the wanderlust at an early date, so that the term "Wandering Yankee" was used in reference to them, and they were real estate buyers and sellers of great tracts of land, even before the Revolution. In 1760 there was a Connecticut Real Estate organization called the Delaware Company, and in 1774 to 1776 the Susquehanna Land Company, also of Connecticut, flourished. Then, as we know, about the year 1800 the Western Reserve drew these Connecticut Yankees by the hundreds, and eventually by the thousands. The real estate men of these early days were no "pikers," one company offering five hundred thousand acres on the "Lake Erie Turnpike Road" (Euclid Avenue?). Four hundred thousand acres in Trumbull County, Ohio, was advertised by one Hartford real estate dealer. Shrewd business men these Yankees, who had vivid descriptive vocabularies and used them to portray rosy vistas. Keen rivalry existed among these various land owners, agents and speculators.

In 1803 Mr. Paine, afterward the founder of Painesville, in order to induce his neighbors in Connecticut to join him in his undertaking of coming west, published this poem in the Hartford County Connecticut papers:

Ye swaines who are virtuous, healthy and wise,
Who are possessed of activity and enterprise;
Who from truth and sobriety will never swerve,
Come, emigrate with me to the Western Reserve.

Near the banks of proud Erie, my friends, we will go,
To lands that with milk and with honey o'erflow;
Near the mouth of Grand River you will clearly observe,
A beautiful country called Western Reserve.

There the elk and the stag in proud majesty stride,
While the geese and the ducks on these waters do glide;
And the fish for to comfort us will amply serve,
While we cultivate the soil of the Western Reserve.

In 1810 a Margaret Dwight, who was traveling to the Ohio Western Reserve, wrote: "From what I have seen and heard, I think the State of Ohio will be filled before winter."

As indicative of the general interest on this subject, the Yale commencement oration of 1816 was on "The Spirit of Emigration from Eastern to Western States." Yale College was even then of great importance, Connecticut being sometimes described as "A small state surrounding Yale College."

In 1817 one Windsor, Connecticut, dealer lauded the Western Reserve because of its Philadelphia Cattle Market and the newly discovered lake market of Montreal. These real estate agents offered to make easy terms, often extending time for final payment to seven years, and taking in partial payment small Connecticut properties in exchange for larger tracts of acreage in the West. By 1817 there had developed in Connecticut much opposition to this wholesale desertion to Ohio and other western points, editors and news writers waging a bitter conflict against

the draining of their state for the "Paradise of Ohio." "The Farmers' Song," in the Hartford *Courant* of December 9, 1817, expressed these views:

> "*Let the idle complain,*
> *And ramble in vain,*
> *An Eden to find in the west;*
> *They're grossly deceived,*
> *Their hearts sorely grieved,*
> *They'll sigh to return to the east.*"

Men were advised "not to be seduced from happiness to a log hut; better tarry at Jericho than to chance the so-called 'Promised Land'."

When in 1763 the King of France ceded to the King of England "all of Canada, and all of his dependencies or rights east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio River in North America," this great territory, of course, included what is now the State of Ohio, and in that way this territory became for a time part of the Province of Quebec, Canada.

While Ohio was in the process of really becoming a state, what is now Cuyahoga County was at first a part of Washington County, with its county seat at Marietta on the Ohio River. Then two other counties were established in the state; the three being in process of time cut up into our present eighty-eight counties.

At one time in this evolution period Cuyahoga County was part of Geauga and then of Trumbull County, when its people had to go to the County Seat at Warren, Ohio, to pay their taxes, register their deeds and mortgages and, if needs be, attend court "in a space between two corn cribs."

Mr. Elmer B. Wight, the well-known engineer who served the Park Board when it was made up of such wonderful men as Mr. Charles Bulkley, Mr. J. H. McBride and Mr. J. G. W. Cowles, under whose direction Mr. Wight laid out University Circle and Rockefeller Boulevard, is now a keen amateur antiquarian, especially interested in the old trails and roads of northern Ohio.

Mr. Wight has in his office a map showing the first surveyed road on the Western Reserve, mapped and constructed in 1801. It ran from Cleveland by the way of Geauga Lake and Aurora to some salt springs a little south of Warren, Ohio. Salt at that time was very scarce and difficult to obtain by the settlers. Consequently it was costly—one barrel of salt being worth four barrels of whiskey.

While Euclid Avenue and Broadway were originally Indian trails, this road to the salt springs was not, it having been located and constructed entirely by the early white settlers.

CHAPTER FOUR

MOSES CLEAVELAND AND EARLY CLEVELAND

"A wit, poet and punster, as well as an explorer."

WHILE preparing the manuscript for this book, I noticed in a Cleveland paper an article in regard to the anniversary of Moses Cleaveland's arrival at the site of the city thereafter named for him. This arrival was on July 22, 1796—one hundred and thirty-four years ago. The writer spoke of Moses as being "a square jawed, young Connecticut surveyor, who drove a stake and established the site of a great city." The article was well written, interesting and quite correct, except, that Moses Cleaveland was not a surveyor and was forty-two years of age, when, with his corps of surveyors and helpers, he founded the site of our great city. Square-jawed no doubt he was, as the masterly manner in which he commanded his men and met all emergencies amply testifies. He was not a surveyor, but owned a large block of shares in the Connecticut Land Company, and of him it was said: "He was a lawyer, capable of drawing a contract that would stand but not capable of running a line."

Strangely enough there seems to be no life history of General Moses Cleaveland to be found in this city, but I have gathered from various sources, and, I think, in each case verified the statements which follow: Moses Cleaveland was born on January 29,

1754, at Canterbury, Connecticut; graduated from Yale in the class of 1777, and then returned to Canterbury, there becoming a very successful lawyer. Afterwards, he became a member of the state legislature of Connecticut, and was a brigadier general in the state militia. He is said at one time to have had a commission as an officer in the United States Army. He was also a member of the Masonic Fraternity, having been at one time Master of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut. Being one of the seven directors of the Connecticut Land Company, which bought the Western Reserve from the state of Connecticut at about forty cents per acre, he was given a commission by his fellow directors as "superintendent over the agents and men sent to survey and make locations on said land." In this commission he was given full power to treat directly with the Indians living on, or other claimants to these lands. This commission was dated May 12, 1796, and was issued to him but a short time before he left for the Western Reserve, or New Connecticut, as it was sometimes called. After arriving at the site of Cleveland, he said that "sometime here there may be a population as large as Windham, Connecticut," which was then a city of fifteen hundred inhabitants. This surveying party of which Cleaveland was the commander, or as called in his commission "superintendent," consisted of fifty men, including himself, and two women and one child. In an address before the Early Settlers Association, the Honorable John Covert said every man of Moses Cleaveland's party had been an officer or soldier in the Revolutionary War. The names of the members of the party are listed below:

General Moses Cleaveland.....*Superintendent*
Augustus Porter.....*Principal Surveyor and Deputy Superintendent*

Birthplace of Moses Cleaveland, Canterbury, Conn.—Courtesy James R. Post.

Seth Pease.....*Astronomer and Surveyor*

Amos Spofford
John Milton Holly
Richard M. Stoddard
Moses Warren
.....*Surveyors*

Joshua Stow.....*Commissary*

Theodore Shepard.....*Physician*

Joseph Tinker.....*Boatman* (Drowned 1797)

Elijah Gun, wife Anna and their child

Job Stiles and Tabitha Cumi, his wife

Nathan Chapman and Nathan Perry provided fresh beef for the surveyors and traded with the Indians

Amzi Atwater	Samuel Hungerford	Stephen Burbank
Samuel Agnew	John Lock	Timothy Dunham
Elisha Ayres	Joseph McIntire	James Halketh
Samuel Barnes	Titus V. Munson	James Hamilton
Amos Barker	George Proudfoot	Thomas Harris
David Beard	Amos Sawtel	Joseph Landon
Shadrach Benham	Daniel Shulay	Asa Mason
John Briant	Stephen Benton	Ezekial Morley
Nathaniel Doan	Michael Coffin	Charles Parker
Francis Gray	Samuel Davenport	Olney F. Rice
William B. Hall	Samuel Forbes	Wareham Shephard
Luke Hanchet	George Gooding	Norman Wilcox

At first not all of this number came with General Cleaveland to the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, but after a meeting and conference with Indians, led by Red Jacket and Brandt, near the site of the present city of Buffalo, of which meeting a more detailed account will be given later, all members of the expedition did

come as far as Conneaut Creek, where they celebrated July 4, 1796, with a banquet of bread, pork, beans and grog, at which time many patriotic toasts were drunk. Moses Cleaveland's diary for the day says: "We drank several pails of grog, supped, and retired in remarkable good order."

Leaving part of his men to survey and map the eastern section of the Western Reserve, General Cleaveland selected a few of his men and in one boat coasted along the lake shore enroute to what had been chosen as the capital of New Connecticut. Before reaching their intended destination, they entered by mistake the mouth of a smaller river, thinking it was the Cuyahoga. Discovering their error, after going some distance up the shallow stream, and being mortified, they called it the Chagrin, which name it still bears. However, on a map of 1755 it is given the name of Elk River, and on a later map appears as Shaguin, meaning clear. Reaching the Cuyahoga and entering its mouth July 22, 1796, they were forced to go some distance up the stream in order to find a landing place on the densely wooded and very swampy shore. In fact, on their first attempt to make a landing, their boat was mired in the swamp and nearly upset. Colonel Charles Whittlesey speaks of the flats near the mouth of the Cuyahoga River as an "impassable marsh." Another called it "The swamp-hidden mouth of the Cuyahoga." Where they finally made a landing, they found an Indian trail leading up the bank. General Cleaveland himself was the first to reach the top. Finding himself in a smooth, grassy glade, he determined upon it as the site of the city which was, eventually, to be named for him. After supervising the surveying and laying out the lots of the city to be, on an area of one mile square, General Cleaveland left for his home in Connecticut, having been in Cleveland for three

months only, and it is not of record that he ever returned to Ohio.

On his return to Connecticut, he was met with a storm of criticism from his associates of the Land Company, who charged him with a too lavish expenditure of funds (about $14,000.00), and for returning without having completed the undertaking for which they had commissioned him. Apparently disregarding this attack, he resumed his successful law practice, and lived a highly honored and respected citizen of Canterbury, until his death there in 1806, at the age of fifty-two years.

When the Connecticut Land Company expedition under Moses Cleaveland was preparing to start west, the gathering place was at Schenectady, New York State. While most of the party were from Connecticut and adjacent states, the means of transportation were so crude that it is said it took some of them thirty days to reach their rendezvous. Seth Pease, the chief surveyor and astronomer of the Moses Cleaveland party, seems to have found time for a little amusement enroute, as he came by the way of New York, then a thriving city of about 45,000. We read in his journal of May, 1796, among other items: "The fare on my chest from Hartford to Middleton, one shilling, six pence. For fare to New York and liquor, four dollars and three quarters." In New York he makes further record to the effect that he spent for a ticket to a play seventy-five cents, and goes on, "Liquor fourteen cents. Show of elephants fifty cents. Shaving and combing thirteen cents." It is to be presumed the shaving and combing were for himself and not for the elephants.

After leaving Schenectady, the party under Moses Cleaveland seems to have made good progress and met with no particular adventures until they reached a point near the present city of

Buffalo, where they were halted by a force of Indians, under the leadership of Red Jacket and Brandt. Both of these leaders were notorious as cruel and brutal in warfare with white settlers, and especially merciless in the slaughter of women and children at the Wyoming Massacre. This hold-up seems a clear case of bluff on the part of Red Jacket, Brandt, and their warriors, but they made claim to all land along the lake shore, from Buffalo to the east bank of the Cuyahoga River. Cleaveland here proved himself to be the right man and justified his selection by the directors of the Connecticut Land Company, who chose him because of his reputation as "cool, deliberate and always self-possessed, as well as brave and courageous amid threatening danger, and especially popular with his associates."

He agreed to meet the Indians in council, where so forceful were his arguments and so courageous his bearing, that the claimants were glad to compromise and ceded to him all their claims to the aforesaid land for $1250.00, New York trade currency, two beef cattle and a hundred gallons of whiskey. One may wonder what the Indians ever got out of their "trade currency," but they made sure of their beef and whiskey. Cleaveland so impressed the Indians by his very swarthy complexion, his coolness and commanding manner, that they claimed he must be of Indian blood and gave him the name of "Paqua," a favorite chief.

When Cleveland was first surveyed, Superior Street was laid out only from Erie to Water Streets and was called Broad Street or Highway. On some maps Euclid Avenue was called Central Highway. St. Clair Street was called North Highway and Woodland Avenue South Highway. By whatever knowledge or inspiration Moses Cleaveland was guided when he came in 1796 to superintend the planning and surveying of the streets of Cleveland, he

actually placed the city in almost the exact geographical center of the Western Reserve territory or grant. In September, 1796, land in the very new city of Cleveland just surveyed and laid out by the General Cleaveland party was offered for sale at the following prices: 2-acre lots in the center, close to the Public Square, were $50.00; 10-acre lots were $3.00 per acre; 20-acre lots were $2.00 per acre and 100-acre lots outlying were $1.50 per acre. A slump in real estate seems to have followed as, two years later, the $50.00 lots were offered for $25.00.

That wise philosopher and keen business man of wide vision, Benjamin Franklin, seems to have been among the first to suggest this site for a future city, as in a paper read at Philadelphia in or about 1755, he recommended that a temporary fort be placed on the south shore of Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Tioga (Cuyahoga) River, "where a post should be formed and a town erected for the trade of the lake."

An English explorer in 1788 wrote of our river: "Cuyahoga, a creek that leads to Lake Erie, which is muddy and not very swift; the mouth is wide and deep and will hereafter be of great importance."

About 1789 a Trading Post was established on the west side of the Cuyahoga River, nine miles from its mouth, by a Frenchman, Joseph DeChartar. It is said that as early as 1682 the territory of Cuyahoga County was traversed by Father de la Salle on his journey to the Mississippi.

When on October 18, 1796, Moses Cleaveland's party returned to Connecticut, there were remaining at Cleveland only Job Stiles and wife and Joseph Landon, with provisions for the winter. Landon soon left and Edward Paine came from New York State to join the Stiles family and trade with the Indians, he thus

being the first merchant of Cleveland. The total population of the hamlet that winter of 1796 and 1797 being three persons.

The population of Cleveland at the beginning of 1798 was fifteen persons. That year Rodolphus Edwards and family arrived and Nathaniel Doan with his family of nine persons returned to Cleveland from Connecticut, having been on the way for ninety-two days.

In the winter of 1801, Lorenzo Carter's family was the only one remaining in Cleveland hamlet; all others had removed to Doans Corners or Newburg, driven to the higher lands by the malaria and mosquitoes at the river's mouth.

The mail then came to Cleveland by way of Pittsburgh, once in two weeks; the carrier continuing west by an Indian trail to Huron, Ohio.

In 1809 an exciting contest occurred between Cleveland and Newburgh, as to which should be the County Seat, with, as we all know, Cleveland victorious. In the next year, 1810, the population of Cleveland was but fifty-seven, and as late as 1816 the total assessed valuation of the entire original plot of the Village of Cleveland was but $21,065.00.

In 1810 the *Morse American Gazeteer* said "Cleveland is a town in New Connecticut regularly layed out and will probably soon become a place of importance."

During the war of 1812 a small stockade was built at the foot of Seneca Street and called Fort Huntington. It was used but little except for soldiers going to service farther west. Cleveland, by that time, was quite an important depot of supplies for Detroit and other points to the west.

In 1814 the first public school was founded, and in 1817, with a population of two hundred and fifty, the village trustees became

proprietors of a schoolhouse on St. Clair Street just east of where the Kennard House afterwards stood. Those who were able paid for tuition, but to the poorer persons it was a free school.

In 1820 a stage coach line was established between Cleveland and Columbus, and in 1821 stages to Pittsburgh and Buffalo began to run.

In 1826 one T. L. McKenney, in his "Tour of the Lakes," says "Cleveland is a pretty place which is nested upon a high bluff and composed of some 50 houses."

In 1829 Mr. John Kilbourne, of Columbus, published a book in response to many inquiries from the Atlantic States as to Ohio and its climate, fertility, etc. Of Cleveland, he said: "Cleveland, the seat of justice of Cuyahoga County, will, in time, become one of the most important towns," giving as a basis for his opinion the fact that the Village of Cleveland then contained one hundred and sixty-eight dwelling houses, thirteen mercantile stores, fifteen warehouses, four drug stores, one book and stationery store, nine groceries, six taverns, and about one thousand inhabitants.

In 1831 Milo Hickox came from Rochester to Cleveland, and writing back to a Rochester friend said: "Cleveland is about two-thirds as big as Rochester, and is the pleasantest place you ever saw. Streets are broad and cross each other at right angles. The Court House is better than Rochester's, but other buildings are not worth much. One room of a middle size rents for $1 per month. Mechanics get from $10 to $20 per month and board. I get nine shillings and six pence per day and board myself. There are here fifteen or twenty grog shops. There is also a temperance society of ten or a dozen male members. The Presbyterian Church has but four male members, while the Baptists have six men and the

Methodists about the same. The Episcopal is small, but have a house for worship, which the others have not."

In 1835 there were still groves of fine black oaks and chestnuts on Erie Street between Superior and Prospect, and a good many such trees still remained on the northeast part of the Public Square, and between St. Clair Street and the lake.

CHAPTER FIVE

NATHANIEL DOAN

Nathaniel Doan, who came with Moses Cleaveland's party, was a blacksmith, and had charge of the horses, cows and oxen that the Survey Company brought with them. Doan is distinguished above all others of the Cleaveland company as being the only one who really became a permanent resident. He showed the courage of his convictions as to the desirability of this section for the future by returning to Connecticut and bringing back here with him his wife and six children, this return journey to Ohio taking ninety-two days.

Before returning to Connecticut, Nathaniel Doan had been living near the mouth of the Cuyahoga River; but when he returned, the Village of Cleveland granted him a lot opposite Bank Street, on Superior Street, or the Broad Highway, as it was first called, on condition that he was to maintain a blacksmith's shop at that point. Soon, however, he removed to the location which eventually became Doans Corners, having been driven out, as were most others, by the scourge of fever and ague and the man-eating mosquitoes—the two plagues of the Cuyahoga River mouth and adjacent sections. That we may be sure we are right about this Nathaniel Doan, I am quoting as follows from the "Doan Family Book": "Nathaniel Doan was born in Middle Haddam, Connecticut, June 1, 1762, and died in Cleveland, Ohio, Novem-

ber 29, 1815. He married Sarah Adams, who was born in 1771 and died March 4, 1853. He first went to Cleveland in 1796. He moved his family there from Chatham, Connecticut, in 1798, and built a home on Superior Street immediately opposite Bank Street, but his family were so afflicted with fever and ague that he moved eastward and settled in what was afterward known as Euclid Township, later East Cleveland, now a part of Cleveland. The immediate locality in which he lived was called Doans Corners for fully eighty years thereafter, and the stream of water nearby, running through what is now Wade Park, took the name of Doans Creek and is still so called. He built and kept a hotel on the northwest corner of Euclid and Fairmount Street, now 107th Street, and on the southwest corner he erected a small store. In time he also had at the Corners a blacksmith shop and a saleratus factory. He was postmaster and Justice of the Peace for many years, and religious services were held by him in his own house.

On the organization of the first military company in Cleveland in 1804 he was elected first lieutenant, and the following year was chosen captain. He was Town Clerk for some years, and in 1809 became one of the associate judges of Cuyahoga County.

The Doans of Cleveland were a very influential people, all of them were well educated. Nathaniel Doan's daughter Delia taught the first school in Euclid Township."

I find in another history that Nathaniel Doan was one of forty-one persons to purchase Euclid Township. The deed given to these persons by Moses Cleaveland and signed by him as Director of The Connecticut Land Company begins as follows: "Now, Know Ye, that I, the said Moses Cleaveland, Director, do agree to sell and have sold unto Seth Pease, Moses Warren, Nathaniel Done,

Samuel Davenport, etc., being the persons (41) employed in surveying and laying out said Western Reserve."

This writing or deed from Cleaveland to the forty-one goes on to describe the lands and also states the conditions and requirements. The land was sold to them at one dollar per acre. The said "Pease and company," beside their cash payments, were required to perform certain services; they agreed with The Connecticut Land Company to have residing on said lands in the year 1800 forty-one families. These conditions could not be complied with by the purchasers and the agreement seems to have lapsed. Afterward Nathaniel Doan took up three hundred and twenty acres at the site of the future Doans Corners at about one dollar per acre. This he seems not to have been able to make good on, and finally in the year 1809 he purchased one hundred acres at the corners of what are now Euclid East 105th and 107th Streets, extending eastward to the present entrance of Wade Park, paying therefor seven hundred and fifty dollars, this being "The Doan Hundred," about which there is more to say later.

The hotel built by Nathaniel Doan was a small, log tavern, which was occupied by him until the time of his death in 1815. This house was a famous landmark for at least half a century. It stood by the roadside, where all travel east and west between Cleveland and Buffalo passed it. The little creek flowing through the picturesque wooded valley just east of it attracted the large parties of pioneers who traveled in huge wagons and in companies from their New England homes, driving their horses, cattle and other domestic animals in advance of them. Here, or on the higher level stretch of ground now occupied by Western Reserve University and Case School of Applied Science, they would make a halt of a day or two, resting and washing up. It is said that as

many as fifteen wagons at once would be in camp there. It naturally followed that the Doan Tavern was patronized more or less by these travelers.

In 1817, two years after his father Nathaniel's death, Job Doan replaced the log tavern with a large frame one. Eventually (long after) this frame tavern was moved to Cedar Avenue, just east of East 100th Street, and by additions was converted to residence and business use. Still recognizable to an old-timer it now stands there in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding its one hundred and thirteen years of existence.

"*The friendly host whose social hand*
Accosted strangers at the door,
Has left at length his wonted stand,
And goes to the weary guest no more.

Old creeping time, that brings decay,
Might yet have spared those mouldering walls,
Alike beneath whose potent sway
A temple or a tavern falls."

Soon after the Doan family settled in the woods at Doans Corners one Gil Bryant took Nancy Doan to a ball or party at Major Carter's Tavern, near the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. She mounted the horse behind him from a stump in front of the Doan cabin, which, as we know, was near the site of the present Fenway Hall. Nancy was an attractive daughter of Nathaniel Doan and at this time was but fourteen years of age. She and Bryant were arrayed in their best, he dressed in a calico suit, his hair powdered with flour. They rode this double-seater steed through the dense forest to the mouth of the Cuyahoga, where at the Lorenzo Carter home they danced all night, not returning to the Corners until the next day; and how can that record

be beaten even by the daring young folk of the present time?

After Nathaniel Doan came to the Corners and before there was either a church or minister, the few people resident in the country about came to the Doan home on Sundays, where Squire Nathaniel Doan read a sermon to them.

While it is stated in various histories of Cleveland that the first school in Cleveland was taught by Miss Anna Spafford in the year 1802 at the Major Carter home, near the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, I find elsewhere the suggestion that Sarah Doan taught children in her father's home at the Corners at an even earlier date. So there is a possibility, if not a probability, that both the first religious and educational gatherings in what is now Greater Cleveland were held at the Corners with the Doan family presiding.

At one time, before the Doan family left the vicinity of the Cuyahoga River for the Doans Corners site, they were all so weak from fever and ague that none of the family, excepting a nephew, then thirteen years of age, was able to get about to help the others, or even to bring in a pail of water, and this nephew had the "shakes" every day himself.

In the early days after Nathaniel Doan came to live in his log cabin at Doans Corners there was between there and Cleveland Village or City but one settler, Nathan Chapman, whose small, rude cabin was near where the Pennsylvania Railway now crosses Euclid Avenue, in the midst of a little clearing he had made at that point.

On the ridge to the south, now Woodland Hills Avenue, and then on to Newburgh, were the Edwards and Blin families and a few neighbors.

The silence must have been intense and hearing acute in those

days, as men gathered at a raising below Collinwood claimed to have heard the guns of Perry's battle of Lake Erie, a distance of at least seventy-five miles, those who heard the guns not knowing the result of the battle until the next day when word came by a mounted courier. Settlers at Chardon also heard this cannonading.

History relates that at this Collinwood raising one of the women went into her log cabin home in a hurry for some required article and found a huge rattlesnake coiled comfortably on the hearth. "She screamed and fainted, and a man rushed in and killed the snake with an ox goad."

Timothy Doan, elder brother of Nathaniel Doan and father of the Seth Doan who came to Cleveland with his Uncle Nathaniel in 1797, did not come until the year 1801, when he arrived with his wife and other children to become residents of the New Connecticut of the Western Reserve. "This Timothy Doan was a seaman, having traded with the West Indies with his own ship, which was later wrecked, with a cargo of sugar and molasses. His wife was a Miss Mary Carey, of Long Island."

Soon after his arrival he bought a hickory grove on Euclid Avenue about six miles from the Public Square, in all taking up three hundred and twenty acres, at one dollar an acre.

At this time his nearest neighbors were members of a small tribe or family of friendly Indians who lived somewhere in the neighborhood where now stands Shaw High School. Mr. Doan was afterwards made a Justice of the Peace, becoming an Associate Judge of Cuyahoga County in 1810. He assisted in organizing Trinity Church and was one of the first vestrymen.

His daughter, Deborah Doan, married J. D. Crocker, from Lee, Massachusetts. Their daughter, Sarah Ann Crocker, married

Eli B. Adams, who was a Congregational minister, but later entered the Episcopal Church, in which he was a rector for many years. His daughter, Sarah Crocker Adams, married Charles Francis Hendrie. She is still living in Denver, Colorado, at the age of eighty-six, and through her and her son-in-law, Chalmers Hadley, of the Cincinnati Public Library, I have been favored with this information in regard to the Timothy Doan branch of the family.

Mrs. Hendrie very interestingly recalls that her grandmother Doan told many incidents of the trip from Connecticut to Cleveland in 1801, when the family came from Buffalo to Cleveland by canoe, having Indian paddlers, and kept near the shore, camping nights on the lake beach. Mrs. Doan had one especial fright, when one of her little girls had the nosebleed. Without any warning, one of the Indians picked her up, carried her to the water and pushed her under. The mother and child were both badly frightened, but this treatment stopped the nosebleed, which was the Indian's intention.

Captain Lewis Dibble, who as a child came to Cleveland in 1811 or 1812, the family afterwards moving to Doans Corners, says: "After we moved to Doans Corners, deer and wolves were plenty. At night wolves howled about our house, which was a little south of Euclid Road, near the now junction of Fairmount (107th Street) and Cedar. We soon became accustomed to it and were not much disturbed, but at night had to shut up all sheep and calves as the wolves were partial to such fare and were bold after dark." He goes on to say that his brother, a good hunter, shot a great many deer. About 1816 Dibble relates that on leaving Doans Corners for Cleveland there was one little farm a short distance west, and then a clearing at the Curtiss Brook, after-

wards called Giddings Brook, where a Mr. Curtiss had established a tannery.

After that there was nothing but woods until one came to the Bartlett clearing at Willson Avenue, now East 55th Street. Still farther west, along the Euclid Road, the next clearing was at Erie Street, now East 9th Street, where three or four acres had been cleared and were enclosed by a rail fence. There were then no buildings between there and the Public Square, which was laid out but still covered with bushes and stumps.

As late as 1818 or 1820, near what was Garden Street, south of Euclid, Nathan Truscott was one evening attacked by wolves that "treed" him in a vacant cabin after killing his brave dog, who fought the pack to his finish.

About this time a man riding to Cleveland from east of the Corners at dusk was followed and attacked by a pack of wolves on Euclid Road, his horse—that must have been a good one—kept well ahead of them, until reaching a muddy swale in the road or trail, where East 55th Street now crosses Euclid Avenue. Here his horse was slowed down by the heavy going and they were overtaken by the pack. The horseman fought them off as best he could until his horse, reaching higher ground and firmer footing, again left the wolves behind, and so horse and rider came safely to Cleveland hamlet.

When the war of 1812 was declared it took ten days of riding by relay horsemen to bring the news to Cleveland. In August of 1812 General Hull surrendered near Detroit, and as a result Cleveland had an Indian scare. Some of the disbanded soldiers of Hull coming down the lake in boats were at Huron mistaken for Indians and English soldiers, supposedly coming to attack Cleveland. News sent to Cleveland from Huron by a courier

scout was that the British and Indian Allies would probably reach Cleveland by the next night. Major Samuel Jones was the Paul Revere of that occasion, riding horseback through the sparsely settled countryside and telling all the people to go to Doans Corners, where most of them, including those from Cleveland and Newburgh, were soon assembled, camping there during one night of excitement and keen anxiety. However, in the morning, Captain Allan Gaylord who, with a few men, had remained in Cleveland, guarding the mouth of the Cuyahoga, was seen riding up to the encampment at the Corners, dramatically waving his sword and shouting: "To your tents, Oh, Israel!" He then explained that the alarm was a false one and that the American soldiers returning in the rowboats had been mistaken for Indians and English. Thus ended the siege of Doans Corners, with no worse results than the hurried movings to camp and back home for the Clevelanders and other refugees.

Between the earliest days of Doans Corners and the much later period of my earliest recollection there is quite a hiatus in this story, which I have been unable to fill properly. Mr. George Watkins seems about the only connecting link I have found. He came from Chatham, Connecticut, in 1818, with his parents, it taking them six weeks to reach Doans Corners, as they came with oxen and horse-drawn vehicles much of the way through an almost unbroken wilderness. Their first home was in a log cabin south of Euclid Road, near what was formerly known as Morse Avenue.

An interesting document sworn to and signed by Mr. Watkins on January 26, 1900, is in part reproduced herewith:

"George Watkins, being first duly sworn upon his oath says: My name is George Watkins. I am eighty-eight years old.

I knew Charles M. Giddings. I remember as distinctly as if it were today the appearance of Charles M. Giddings, when he first came to the Village of Cleveland. He was a lad of ten or fifteen years of age, and I recall very vividly the red cap he wore the first day I saw him. His father's name was Serene Giddings. Serene settled upon a farm of 75 acres directly adjoining my farm upon the west. The northwest corner of his farm now being the southeast corner of Euclid and Giddings Avenue. My farm occupied the property upon which Calvary Presbyterian Church now stands. Cleveland was then a hamlet, having about 175 inhabitants altogether.

Serene Giddings was a great horseman, as was also Charles M. Giddings afterwards. I kept public house and I saw a good deal of both father and son. The old gentleman, Serene Giddings, would drink a good deal of whiskey but did not seem to show the effects of it. The old gentleman lived to be seventy-five years old or more.

In those days Water Street, now West 9th Street, was a great swamp all the way down to the river; cat-tails grew in it as high almost as this room."

This deposition, used in trial of a land title case, is of interest, as showing the swampy condition of lower Cleveland, even at a considerable distance from the river's mouth, quite a long time after Moses Cleaveland had come and gone. I am privileged to use it through the courtesy of Harold Remington, Esq., of 141 Broadway, New York, once a Doans Corners boy, now a leading attorney and author of standard legal works. His father, Rev. Frank Remington, was born in 1826 in a log cabin on Euclid Road near the present 71st Street.

My recollection of Mr. Watkins and his family when they were

living about a mile west of the Corners on Euclid Avenue was that he was a pillar of the Methodist Church and interested and taking part in the activities at the Corners and throughout East Cleveland. Later this family came to live on Logan Avenue. Mrs. George Stebbins, of Cleveland, and Mr. Charles Watkins, of Boston, are the only survivors of this family.

Doans Corners definitely and accurately were the corners of Euclid Avenue and what are now 105th and 107th Streets. Gradually the area known as the Corners was extended up Euclid Avenue to about what is now 96th Street, and for a little distance north and south on the cross streets. It never had any corporate or legal standing, being in East Cleveland Township, and the postoffice at the Corners being officially East Cleveland. I have found in an old mortgage, dated 1852, the following description: "Located on the road from the city of Cleveland to Euclid by the way of Doans Corners, so called." That, or something similar, was the recognized form of description in all legal documents, as I find it so written also in deeds of 1833, 1836 and 1837. A lot (of about one-fourth acre) on Euclid Road near what is now 100th Street sold in 1836 for $100 and was resold in 1837 for $125.

CHAPTER SIX

DOANS CORNERS VILLAGE LIFE

AT the time of which I write, we at the Corners were living under conditions hard for the present generation to conceive of or understand. There was no sewer system, all waste being disposed of by each family; no public water supply, people depending entirely upon wells; no sidewalks, but beaten earth paths beside unpaved streets, with, in some places, quite deep ditches between road and walk. No street lights, so that lanterns were in common use; houses were lighted occasionally by candles, but generally by whale or lard oil lamps, sometimes smoky and smelly; no local meat market; no ice for summer; no hospital; no undertaker; one small grocery store; a bus to the city once a day. There were no public places of amusement, a church sociable with an occasional lecture or concert at one of the churches being events of general interest; while a tableau entertainment was long talked of before and after. It was a time of horse-drawn vehicles, with the miracles of telephones, automobiles, airships and radios as yet undreamed of. So we lived thus quietly, much at home, both old and young, and thought we were happy; and at our home and in our circle of friends family quarrels were unknown and scandals unheard of. But, don't for a moment think that our lives were stupid, dull and depressed. Quite the contrary, I assure you, as there was the evening singing school, where Charlie DeWolf

could sing either tenor or bass, and the public school exhibitions, when pieces were spoken like "Marco Bozzaris," "Burial of Sir John Moore," or that in which

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

which were all thrillers as rendered by Henry and Marcus Cozad, Dudley Mather, Ellery Ford, Will Hudson, Norman Sherwin, and other orators, with also wonderful "compositions" by bright girls like Alida Gale, Mary Ingersoll, Clara and Ella Ford, Ida Sherwin, Dora House, Mary Jane Guy and others of wit and beauty.

In summer there were picnics, rides, wild berry picking, with hunting and fishing close at hand. We ranged Doan Brook from the Shakers to Lake Erie, and took long horseback rides. My brother James and I had a pair of ponies which we rode and drove from our quite early boyhood with much pleasure and some tumbles.

In the autumn, chestnut, walnut and hickory nuts were waiting to be gathered, and in the winter skating, sleigh-rides and coasting helped out. We coasted from what then was a high bank where the Historical Society building now stands down the steep hill into Doan Brook Valley, and at times with plenty of snow, could go clear across the valley and the frozen brook as well.

Our village streets were beautified by great numbers of shade trees, elms and maples predominating; but at our old home, the Euclid Avenue frontage had a row of large locusts. Some of the streets were green archways, the branches of the trees meeting overhead, and there were still some forest trees scattered about the hamlet, notably a row or cluster of fine, large oaks at the

Isaac Sherman place. The wreck of the last one of these oaks was but recently removed from in front of the Christian Church at the corner of Euclid Avenue and 100th Street.

Village yards were wide, deep and ample in those early days. The Fullers and the Bowles, whose grounds adjoined each other just opposite our home, had, I estimate, about six or eight acres jointly. The Sherman tract is described below. Doctor Streator, on the north side of Euclid, west of 101st Street, had about sixteen acres. B. C. Walters perhaps fifteen, and Joe Slaght, across Euclid from Walters, ten or twelve. Ebenezer Fletcher Stark originally located a tract of one or two hundred acres between the Shaker Road, Cedar Avenue and Doan Street. This tract seems to have been closely adjacent to the Doan Hundred. The sons of Ebenezer Stark, Henry, James and Louis, were, in our time, living upon part of this original holding, and eventually opened through it Stark Street, running from the Shaker Road to Cedar Avenue.

Perry Sherman writes me:

"Dear C. A.:—

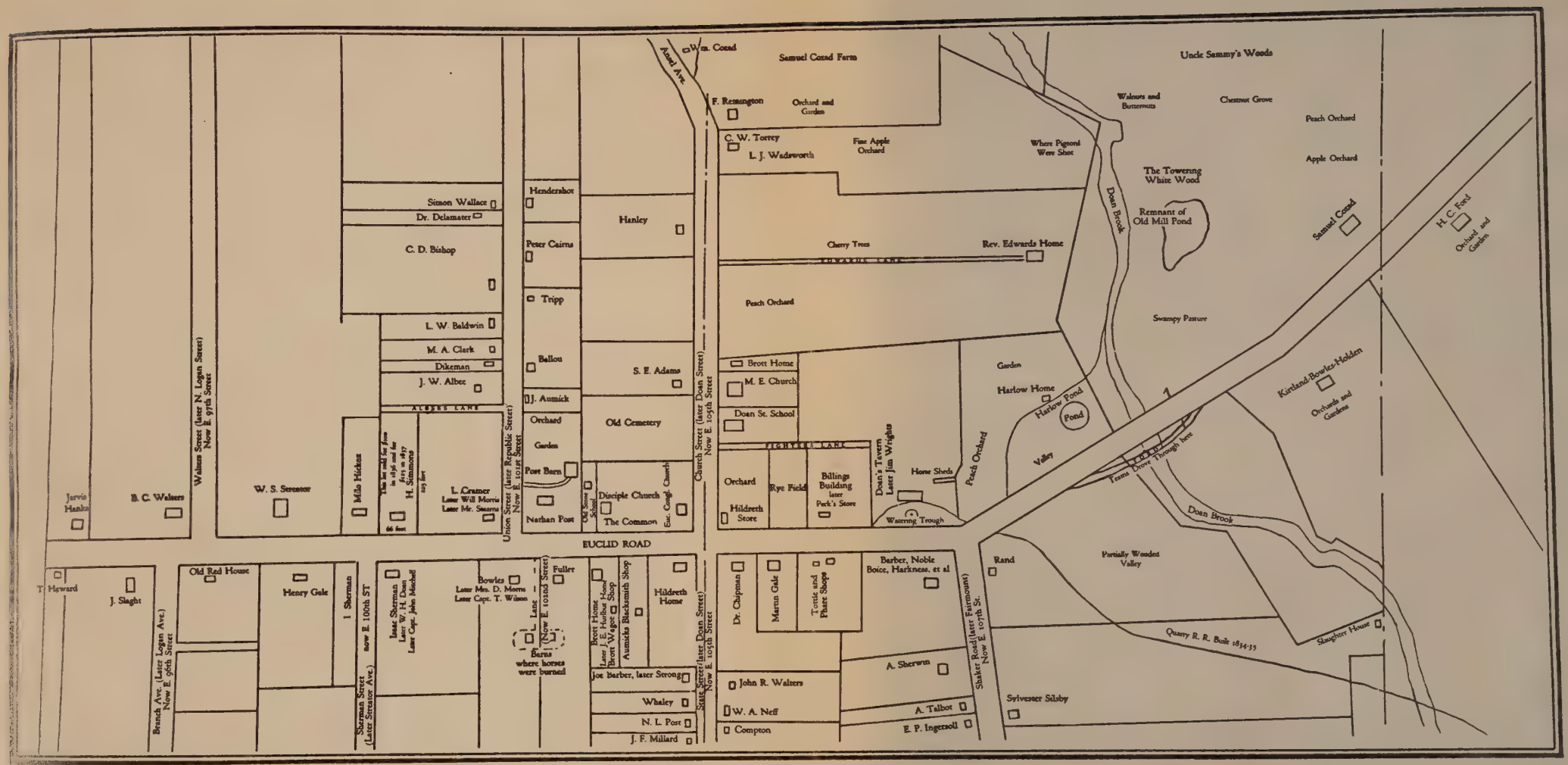
Referring to our old home site. The property extended along Euclid Avenue from west of 100th Street to 102nd Street, including the Disciple Church property, and extended south to the abutting property on Cedar Road—I would say about twenty acres.

I presume you know that Father put Streator Avenue, now 100th Street, through his own land, from Euclid to Cedar Avenue, and that the street was originally called Sherman Street.

Yours very truly,

P. B. SHERMAN"

The Robert Harlow home place, a beautiful home in a lovely setting, between the Doan Tavern and Doan Brook, on the north



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Doans Corners and Vicinity about 1857, drawn from memory by Charles Asa Post.
Revised from County Map by C. H. Hutchinson.

side of Euclid, had perhaps three or four acres. The Reverend Mr. Edwards and family, who came to the Corners neighborhood in the early sixties, had ten acres, running from Doan Street east nearly to Doan Brook, taking in what is now the site of the beautiful Epworth-Euclid M. E. Church. The Wasons, who came about 1860, had over seventeen acres on the north side of Euclid at 93rd Street. The Post home tract was but one and three-fourths acres, located at the corner of Euclid and the present 101st Street; but as ours was the only dwelling on the north side of Euclid Road between the present 101st and 105th Streets, even we were not crowded, the rest of the block being an open common with two churches on it and the old Cemetery in the rear.

At my earliest recollection there were on the south side of Euclid, between 107th and 105th Streets, only the old Fuller-Noble-Boice house, still standing on the corner of 107th, the Martin Gale home quite a distance west, and next to that the Doctor Chipman home on the corner of 105th, thus but three houses on the block. A little later in this block there were also the shops of Wm. Tottle, blacksmith, and John Phare, shoemaker.

On the north side of Euclid Road, between these same streets, I recall but three buildings—The Doan Tavern, or Wright House, the Bushnell building, and Hildreth's Store—widely separated with, at one time, a field of rye next east of Hildreth's. Later, there were in this block, between the Doan Tavern and Hildreth's, a wagon maker's shop, a blacksmith shop and Jack Pike's shoe shop, where John Lee sewed by hand the fine stitching on the top boots for the village dandies.

Outside the village proper land was owned in much larger tracts. The Coits owning one thousand acres where the village of Bratenahl is now situated.

Judge Thomas Bolton, on Euclid Road, at East 71st Street, had one hundred and sixty acres, extending south to well beyond East Prospect Avenue. He sold one-half of the tract to his friend and law partner, Judge Moses Kelley, who, thereafter for many years, lived next west of him.

The Janes or Jaynes family (both spellings were used by them) had a large tract at Euclid and Madison, now East 79th Street, extending south to beyond Cedar, probably two of those original one hundred acre lots bought for possibly from five to ten dollars per acre.

At a later date Mr. Harris Jaynes had a fine conservatory on Euclid just east of Madison Avenue. His daughter, Mrs. E. T. Holmes, until quite recently retained a portion of the original acreage, while Mr. Hylas Janes still owns some of it.

Humphrey Nichols, from New Hampshire, who came about 1816, bought in 1821 eighty-seven acres of Original Lot 393 from the Erie Literary Society, for $400, and in 1833 five acres of Original Lot 394, just north of the Doan Hundred, for $30. The first parcel extended from Wade Park Avenue to Lamont Avenue.

When excavating for the old Nichols home, an earthen kettle filled with Indian arrowheads was found. This house, which I remember well, stood at about the junction of Ansel and 101st Streets, but the original Nichols log cabin was on site of Mt. Sinai Hospital.

Mr. S. N. Pentecost, a grandson of Humphrey Nichols, still lives on Lamont Avenue on a piece of this old acreage, within five hundred feet of the old Nichols home where both his mother and he were born. Other surviving grandchildren are Gordon, Viola and Jesse Nichols, Hylas Janes of Cleveland, and William Pentecost of California.

Coat's history of Cleveland says that Samuel Cozad once owned all the land along Euclid Avenue from Wade Park to Lake View Cemetery. And within my recollection the Cozads, Samuel, Andrew and Elias, were still large land owners. They, with the Fords and the Dutys, seemed to own most all of the territory from Doan Brook eastward to the Dugway Brook (at Lake View Cemetery), up to the top of the hill south, and well beyond Euclid Road to the north. Several hundred acres there must have been, but just how many none of their descendants can tell.

Beyond the land of the Cozads, Fords and Dutys eastward, that is, beyond Lake View Cemetery, came as acreage owners the families of the Beers, the Houses, the original owner of the House tract being the grandfather of J. Arthur House, now president of The Guardian Trust Co., the Benders, the Jones', the Calhouns, Ford Beers and the Phillips brothers, Ben and Sottle. Joel Jones then owned the Euclid Avenue front of the Forest Hill property, now belonging to John D. Rockefeller. Still farther east were the McIlraths, and the descendants of Timothy Doan, and near Collamer Village were the McGregors, the Darius Adams family, the Wests, the Cadys, the Ograms, the Taylors, the Walworths, the Condits, and others of ancient and honorable standing.

The Doan Brook Valley, where Wade Park Lake is now, was the miry site of an old mill pond, very marshy and with a little standing water, where the cattle waded and grazed in the summer, and we sometimes skated in the winter. Even in those days of gardens and orchards at the Corners and outlying farms, the fringe of the forest was close about. Partially cleared land, with stumps and fallen trees, was still somewhat in evidence not far away from our village. Doan Street, then a narrow, sandy road,

ended at Cedar Street, where on the south side one looked through the bars of a rail fence into a rather swampy pasture and wood lot. Still southward, beyond that, where Woodland Hills Avenue now is, were homes with orchards and gardens, where lived the Hudsons, the Staffords, the Sherwins and Baldwins, with the Joe Tew farm still farther out toward Newburgh. I once saw a pair of beautiful wood ducks in the crotch of a hollow tree in what is now Wade Park, near Doan Brook at 105th Street. Am not sure whether they nested there or not, but there was a kingfisher's nest in the bank of Doan Brook, just below the Art Museum, with a snaky looking brood of young birds in it. Real snakes in snarls hibernated winters in or back of the stone wall along Doan Brook by Harlow's Pond. It seemed as though they must have been frozen stiff and solid in and behind that loosely laid wall, but they came out very much alive in the warm, spring days, as we watched, all sizes of them, twisting, turning and unsnarling, with their red, forked tongues flashing out.

Pursuing this subject of snakes to greater length, there was the black snake or blue racer I once met on a sandy path beside the river at Gates Mills. About six feet, I think, and looking seven, he not only did not move out of the track, but actually offered to fight me for the right of way. I didn't try to kill him, but walking wide, left the old warrior to the enjoyment of his riverside place in the sun.

A giant whitewood (American tulip tree) stood near the northwest corner of the present Wade Park Art Garden Lake, and rose high above all other trees of that section. I have no idea of its height, but it was certainly lofty, as we could see its towering top plainly from the dormer windows of our old home at the corner of Euclid Road and 101st Street. I realize that this is a tall

story, but it is a true one about a great, grand, glorious old tree.

The books say that the whitewood tree sometimes grows to a height of from one hundred to one hundred and forty feet, and as it used to take at least five or six of us boys with outstretched arms and clasped hands to encircle this, "our big tree," I believe it to have been one of the truly great ones, and that, perhaps, the Eries camped about it before Columbus discovered America. The whitewood is described as "one of the noblest trees of the American forest, with handsome bluish-green foliage, which in the fall turns to a brilliant yellow," and 'tis thus that I remember this one.

Along the rear line fences, between lots fronting on East 93rd and East 97th Streets, north of Euclid Avenue, there still remain a number of oaks seemingly of original forest growth. The finest of them in the rear yard of No. 1867 East 93rd Street is notable for its age, size and symmetrical beauty, its branches spreading for more than eighty feet, its circumference being ten feet, and by friend Smith, a lumberman, it is estimated to be over 300 years old. But Mr. Arthur Hall, who kindly measured it for me, and is very wise in tree lore and many other departments of the naturalist, thinks it rather under 100 years' growth. So "who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Not I, but I know it's a beautiful old black oak and interesting as being a survival in the city's midst.

Cedar Road was then a narrow, muddy, country road, the small stream running beside it and crossing it being spanned by a narrow, rude, wooden bridge, the entire section being practically in the woods. There were still some very fine trees there, one especially large sycamore, and not far from it a large hemlock, "the bear tree," leaning at an acute angle over the road and famous in tradition, because a bear had been killed in its branches long before our day. This tree and bear are mentioned in the interest-

ing letter of Mr. William Cozad, whose grandfather killed the bear. These trees were between Bluerock Spring and the top of Cedar Glens hill. There were then still many other fine, old forest trees remaining, notably some beautiful chestnuts, where the Art Museum now stands and back of it, and some immense chestnuts in Gale's pastures near the quarry, not forgetting to mention a small grove of fine hemlocks beside Doan Brook just below the Shaker Grist Mill, the only evergreen trees of native growth that I remember in our section.

I would not say that trees at all
Were of our blood and race,
Yet, lingering where their shadows fall,
I sometimes think I trace
A kinship, whose far-reaching root
Grew when the world began,
And made them best of all things mute,
To be the friend of man.

—*Cole.*

The fine, old spring in the ravine at Wade Park, which Charlie Cairns mentions, must have a deep and constant source, as we drank from it fully seventy years ago, and it still flows as sparklingly clear and seemingly of the same volume as when on a hot summer day after picking berries for Horace Ford, we boys, at lunch time went to it for rest and refreshment. Near that spring still stands a fine, old sycamore. My brother and I recently measured its girth as seventeen feet about six or eight feet from the ground. This and some other trees in that Park and up the Cedar Glens and Ambler Ravine are ancients and worth seeing and admiring.

Cedar Glens in the early days seemed to be rather a place of

tragedy. Abner Hendershot, as stated in the interesting letter of L. D. Brockway (quoted later), was accidentally killed there by Oscar Streator, and afterward Will Wood, one of the fine boys from the Corners, borrowed Jim Bartlett's gun "to go hunting on the hill," and accidentally shot himself while passing through the Glen.

A family or small tribe of Gypsies used to camp for a short sojourn year after year at the top of Cedar Glens, near where Harcourt Drive now begins. It thrilled us boys to visit this camp in the evening, watching the Gypsies cook their meals and listening to their camp fire talk as they smoked afterward. Some of these Gypsies used to call at Jack Pike's shop to chat with him about old England, as they had known each other there, all of which seemed strangely far away and mysterious to me.

One eventful night the barns on the Bowles place and Squire Fuller's next door, both just opposite to our home, burned, and several good horses were destroyed, their screams being shockingly human. At first some were rescued, but in their frenzy rushed back into the flames and perished.

Some of the Corners victims of the cholera scourges of 1832 and 1834 were interred in the old cemetery back of the churches, and when building encroachments necessitated the removal of all remains to another cemetery, there was some discussion as to the danger of infection from opening the graves, but nothing of the sort resulted.

Mrs. Clara Ford Gould has reminded me that when this wholesale removal from the cemetery occurred some of the coffins were found to have been covered with leather or rawhide, studded with brass or copper nails, and showing the name and date. Job Doan, son of Nathaniel Doan, was a victim of the cholera epidemic,

the names of others being unknown to me. This infection of Indian Cholera, then so called, came to Cleveland and so to the Corners in a curious and roundabout way. An emigrant ship brought this plague to Quebec, it being carried from there to Montreal and thence to Buffalo where a troop ship, the "Clay," was loading soldiers for the northwest territory to serve in the Black Hawk Indian War. Reaching Lake Huron there was an outbreak of cholera among the crew of the "Clay." The soldiers were disembarked and the ship turned back. Trying to land at Detroit for water, supplies amd medical help they were confronted by armed men and cannon on the docks, and ordered to keep in the middle of the river. Coming on to Cleveland, they tied up at the wharf in the night. When discovered in the morning, they were allowed to land their sick, whose wants were generously and sympathetically provided for, with the result that our good Samaritan citizens lost fifty of their number before the scourge was stayed.

During the Civil War, especially during the early and trying times, the Corners folks were very patriotic, as became a village in the State that sent three hundred and twenty-seven regiments to the Union Army, nearly one-eighth of the entire force, and Ohio was as well the birthplace of the three greatest northern generals, as Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were all Buckeyes. Yet a few at the Corners talked in opposition and were called "Copperheads" and other worse names. Evening meetings were held by the light of torches, and stirring patriotic speeches were made from wagons drawn up in the street beside Dan Hildreth's store, and at the corner of the Common, in front of the Congregational Church. A drum and fife corps made stirring music and excitement ran high as young men were urged to enlist, and many

did so promptly. Sometimes those who were of proper age, but reluctant to volunteer, were called upon by name by their young lady friends to step up and sign the roll. On the other hand, some of the boys under age were eager to enlist and did in various ways manage to get signed up, and made splendid soldiers. Some came back, but others rest on southern battlefields. Among those under age were two of our older schoolmates, "Lonnie" Stafford and George Heward, both of whom came back. George Heward has long since passed on, while our good friend Stafford is still hale and hearty at the age of eighty-three. Among others on this honor roll of volunteers were John Bartlett, Ruel House, James House, James and Henry Sherman, Martin Gale, Jr., Walter Norton, Spencer Knight, Wheeler Sturtevant, John Ford and Ellery Ford; the latter, one of the finest big boys at our school, went as a private, returning as a colonel. After the war his colored body servant rode the Colonel's war horse to Cleveland. I happened to see the arrival, to me an exciting incident. Arthur Collins, this colored man, became a much respected resident of the Corners section.

Charlie Reader, another big boy from our school, also enlisted and served during the war with a good record. He returned to become active for years, operating his own and the Shaker Stone Quarries. When the Shakers were disbanding, Mr. Reader took over their large stone grist mill and on July 4, 1886, blew it up with dynamite, making a thrilling spectacle witnessed by thousands gathered for the purpose.

Stirring and trying times those were when the "Squirrel Hunters" were called out and enlisted for ninety days, going to Cincinnati to defend Ohio from threatened southern invasion. Among the number going from the Corners were Newel Cozad, our

brother, Nathan Post, and, I think, Truman Peck, Charlie Wallace and some of the Fords, McIlraths and Dutys, and J. F. Millard. All furnished their own weapons, rifles, muskets and shotguns, as the case might be.

GAMES

At the Doan Street School our games were Pom-Pom-Pull-Away, a running, dodging game, and Shinny, played with fierce clubs and a wooden block. A good club cut from a small sapling with a bit of root left on for the head was a valued possession and could be traded readily at any time during "the season." Johnny Reddy, one of the big boys, an active, fiery Irish lad, was a champion at this game, and usually the first selected when we chose up sides. Johnny was Helen Costello's "beau," she being a brunette beauty of a Spanish type who lived in Henry Gale's family.

Other games were One-Old-Cat and Two-Old-Cat played with a soft home-made ball and rude bats cut or hewn by ourselves or some friendly carpenter. Then there was Ante-Ante-Over, with those words as a warning and a ball thrown over any low building for the other side to catch or miss. Marbles, of course, in their season, wrestling at any time, and a crude "boxing" where the game was to knock off caps with the open hand. Fights were not frequent, but there were some which were events and talked over for weeks after. Duck-On-A-Rock was another game, and still another called Sow-And-Pigs, a circle of small holes around one larger center hole, and played with a shinny club and a wooden block. Tag and Crack-The-Whip were also on the program, with, of course, skating and coasting in the winter. In choosing up for games, a ball bat with the two leaders' hands placed alternately up to the top was a favorite method, or we counted out for other games with seemingly senseless jingles that rhymed, one being:

"Intery, Mintery, Cuttery Corn Apple Seed and Apple Thorn; Wine, Brier, Limber Lock, Three Geese in a Flock; one flew east, one flew west and one flew over the cuckoo's nest." We had several others; where did they come from, I wondered, and who composed them?

A little research in the Folk Lore section of the wonderful John G. White collection at the Public Library revealed that some such games with their appropriate incantations go back to remote antiquity. A "counting out" is said to have been used by the Druids to decide which one of their number had been selected by the gods as the day's human sacrifice upon the altar.

When the boys at our Doan Street School just had to fight, they adjourned to a lane just south of the schoolhouse, or into an orchard adjoining, just back of Hildreth's store, thus being outside of the jurisdiction of the teacher.

Fully fifty years after leaving school I was back in the home city for a visit, and noticed a group of street boys going into that very lane. Suspecting what was up, I watched them, and sure enough, two of them went at each other while the others formed a ring. Did I interfere and try to stop the "scrap"? I did not, but walked away while it was going on, assured that boys were still boys, and the traditions of the old-time fighting ground were being upheld throughout the generations.

CHAPTER SEVEN

SOME EARLY FAMILIES

Greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them.

—Olive Schreiner.

"UNCLE JOHN"

Mr. John R. Walters, "Uncle John" to us all, was postmaster in those early days, and so became very widely known at and about the Corners. He was also for years chief usher at the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church. He was a most lovable character, but of a nervous, sensitive temperament, so that the boys used to try him sorely by their mildly disorderly conduct, while waiting for distribution of the mail, after its arrival by the daily bus from Cleveland.

While still a schoolboy, I was Uncle John's assistant in the post office and was mighty proud to help in the work of that small office. Everyone respected and those of us who knew them best loved Uncle John and his wife, Aunt Caroline, who was a modest, quiet lady of rather delicate physique. Mrs. Walters was a daughter of Job Doan and sister of W. H. Doan, familiarly known as "Halsey" Doan, of whom I have written elsewhere. Before the days of an undertaker in our village, Uncle John, as everyone's friend, presided with kindly dignity at many funerals. He was interested in and ever ready to helpfully participate in anything

in the nature of a parade or military display, often leading the old-time torchlight processions, and in later days he always took a prominent part in the Decoration Day Parade. Altogether, Uncle John was a prominent, useful citizen with a host of friends and missed and mourned by many when he was called to join the majority.

Besides Mrs. Walters, the other children of Job Doan were W. H. ("Halsey") Doan, Edwin Doan, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. McReynolds. W. H. Doan and Edwin Doan, sons of Job Doan, who was the son of Nathaniel, had no children, though both were married. There are living, however, several descendants of the daughters of Job Doan, but none who bear the family name. Among those descendant being Miss Anna Miller, Mrs. Harriet Doan Prentiss, Mrs. Belle Morris, the Misses Nellie and Alice Morris, Col. F. W. Weller, Mr. D. R. Weller, Mr. F. A. McReynolds, Mr. Frank McReynolds, none of them now residents of Cleveland.

THE FORDS

While in those days there were many good men and true at and about the Corners, there were three who stand out as exercising much power for good, especially among the young people, both by precept and example. They were the three Ford Brothers—Horace, Horatio and Henry. Though from "over the creek," they were for many years among the leaders in religious, educational and social life at Doans Corners. All were active members of the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church and at various times teachers in the public schools of our village. They were not college graduates, yet with exceptionally good minds they made most excellent instructors, both in public schools and in the Sunday School. Horace, the eldest, was grave and rather austere, yet he had an

appreciative sense of humor, being keen at light repartee and liking to hear or tell a good story. Horatio, the second in age, I think of as the laughing philosopher as well as the successful teacher. While at times given to merry jest and hearty laughter, there was always underneath, that strain of Puritanism which urged him to do his duty and he was firm and serious when necessary.

A chapter from the Bible was read each morning in their schools and I well remember Horatio Ford's fine reading from the Book of Proverbs, which seemed his favorite portion of the Scriptures. Henry, the youngest of the three, was, with his fair complexion and wavy hair, a handsome man. As his pupil for several years, I respected and admired him, leaving his school with sincere regret, when, at the age of sixteen, I left all classrooms behind. He had much natural dignity and was an excellent disciplinarian. Making great use of the blackboard in his teaching, he with rapid use of the chalk made hard problems very clear, even to persons like me, who detested mathematics and never quite knew what it was all about, after leaving the elementary arithmetic. Grammar was his hobby, and as I was a bit more at home at parsing and analyzing sentences than among figures, we got on together better where pronouns and adjectives were discussed rather than fractions. We were brought up on McGuffey's Readers, which were mines of fine literature, and Ray's Arithmetic and Wells' Grammar were among our other text books.

Mr. Henry Ford was the father of Mrs. Alice Ford Ashmun, the Misses Julia and Louise Ford, all of Cleveland, and Mr. Harry Ford, of New York City.

Mr. Horace Ford was the father of Mrs. J. B. Fay and Mrs. Nellie Ford Alton, and of Mr. Arthur Ford, now deceased.

Mr. Horatio Ford was the father of the late, able and well-

known Mr. H. Clark Ford, attorney, banker and capitalist, Mrs. Ella Ford Brunner and Mrs. B. F. Whitman, all deceased, and of Mrs. Clara Ford Gould, now residing in Indianapolis. He was the grandfather of the present Mr. Horatio Ford, attorney and banker, and also of Mr. David Ford and Mr. Cyrus Ford.

The widow of Mr. H. Clark Ford, Mrs. Ida Thorpe Ford, was for some years the accomplished and efficient organist of the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, and is still resident in the old Ford neighborhood.

Another brother of the three I have mentioned, Mr. Frank Ford, was for many years chief engineer of the C. C. & C. Railway. His son, Mr. Frank L. Ford, who married Miss Eva Hurlbut, was for years superintendent of the Sunday School and also leader of the vested choir at the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, where his beautiful tenor solos gave great delight. There was also a fifth brother, Mr. Lewis Ford, a graduate of Yale and later a prominent attorney of Cleveland, who was for years a partner of Judge Charles C. Baldwin. A sister of Mr. Frank L. Ford, Mrs. Maria Ford Jones, is wife of the Rev. H. W. Jones, an Episcopal clergyman. Mr. Edwin L. Ford, a brother of Frank L., is survived by two sons—Mr. Edwin Ford and Mr. Myron K. Ford.

THE DUTYS

Mr. Andrew Duty and family lived on a fine, large farm in what is now a part of Cleveland Heights. Their comfortable, square, brick house, standing on rather high ground and overlooking the large farmyard and barns where the livestock was sheltered, had an excellent view of the fertile fields and broad meadows stretching farther away. Altogether I recall it as a fascinating place for a small boy to be taken for a day's visit, as I was by my mother,

who was a friend of Mrs. Duty. This farm, which was afterwards purchased by Doctor Streator, was by him and his son, Sterling Streator, used for a stock farm, where were bred horses, cattle and sheep from fine, imported stock. Mr. Andrew Duty and his sons had a brickyard on what was then the State Road, now Mayfield Road, just under the hill and opposite where the Alta House now is. The Dutys, while resident "way up on the hill," were, however, active in all matters of public interest at Doans Corners, where they got their mail and attended church. Mr. Duty was a successful brickmaker whose product was of the highest quality and who had an unexcelled reputation for honesty and reliability. His sons, Daniel, Edwin and Andrew, Jr., were in every way worthy of their sire. Daniel and Andrew, Jr., were brickmakers, while Edwin was for many years manager of the East Cleveland Street Railway. When a bachelor of mature years, Daniel Duty, well-known and popular, married Miss Sarah Cozad, and for years after they lived in the old Andrew Cozad home, at 11307 Euclid Avenue (built in 1838). Their daughter, Mrs. W. M. Seagrave, and husband resided there until 1930, when the house was torn down to give way to a business block. Andrew Duty, Jr., lived near the Corners until 1927, when he passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Cameron.

THE STREATORS

Dr. W. S. Streator, at one time a practicing physician, made quite a fortune as a contractor in building the Atlantic and Great Western Railway. I think this was about the time of the early days of the Pennsylvania oil excitement. He was almost the first man at the Corners to set up a carriage and span exclusively for pleasure riding. This team was a handsome mismatched span,

a black and a chestnut. We boys thought them the finest ever, and used to go to the Streator stables to see them groomed and hitched up. Gertrude and Stirling Streator were the first persons we actually knew who went to Europe, and they were greatly looked up to after that, I assure you, but with the Streator strong common sense, they were in nowise spoiled. Doctor Streator was a generous, broad-minded man. He gave a fine lot on Euclid Avenue, at the corner of what is now 100th Street, to the Disciple Church, of which he was a member, and also an equally good site to the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, at the corner of Euclid Avenue and 96th Street. In addition, he contributed liberally in cash to both of these churches.

General Garfield was a close friend of Doctor Streator, and at times was his guest for the Sabbath when he came to speak at the Disciple Church. Stirling Streator, the oldest son and the last of this once very prominent family, died in February, 1930, at the age of eighty-seven years.

THE FULLERS

The Fullers were a prominent family in our community. Captain Edwin Fuller, head of the family, was a Justice of the Peace and was, in those early days of small fortunes, rated as a rich man at the Corners, dealing in real estate, and at times buying and selling horses. He built two or three brick houses, and one of stone, and sometimes loaned money. Mrs. Fuller was a fine, motherly woman, a close friend of our good mother. For years they lived just opposite our home, the three boys and three girls in each family being on most friendly terms. Charlie Fuller and I were born in 1848, within one month, and were friends from the time we rode in one baby carriage until the time of his death.

The Fullers were good-looking and carried themselves in a rather jaunty manner. All of that generation have passed on, but of the later generation Ralph Fuller and Mrs. Wanzer, children of Charles Fuller, still carry well the traditions of the family.

THE HEWARDS

About 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heward, with their children, moved from the city to a pleasant home on Euclid Avenue, near 93rd Street, where the Colonial Club afterward stood. This family of eight persons entered at once and most pleasantly into the life of the hamlet. George, the oldest son, entered the army when less than sixteen years of age, serving with credit through the Civil War, afterward engaging in cattle raising and mining in Colorado, where he died. All of the family have passed on except a daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkinson, and her brother, Mr. Thomas A. Heward, our dear friend from childhood, now retired after many years of faithful service as an executive of the Standard Oil Co. The Hewards were fond of horses, having a fine carriage team, "Post Boy" and "Henry Clay," and besides, a handsome, cream-colored horse for Mrs. Heward's use.

THE POST FAMILY

"For all things gentle, all things beautiful,
I hold my Mother, for a part of them."

Our father, Nathan Post, came from an old Vermont family. He was born near Burlington in 1800 and was left an orphan at an early age. James, his only brother, settled in Canada, where many of his descendants still live. Father's only sister became a Shaker Elderess. Our mother, Laura Jane Lord Post, was a wonderful woman; not only the tender, loving, efficient heart of

our home, but as well, an angel of mercy to friends and neighbors in their times of sickness and sorrow. She and our sister Mary were the most self-sacrificing and unselfish persons I have known, and our aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Russell Lord, one of the wisest. Mother was a descendant of Thomas and Dorothy Bird Lord, who came from England to Newtown, now Cambridge, Mass., in 1635, afterwards removing to Hartford, Conn.

With this lineage we claim to be Americans and are proud of it, but yet are glad our ancestors were from England. The Lords were for generations a family of preachers, missionaries and teachers. True to this family tradition, our three sisters, Sarah, Mary and Laura, were all at some time in their lives teachers. Sarah, before the Civil War, was governess in a southern slaveholder's family. Mary taught a primary school in one of the many rooms of our large old home, while Laura was the first in Cleveland to teach articulation to the deaf and dumb, she having previously gone to Boston to fit herself for that undertaking.

Of the coming of the Post family to the Corners I accidentally found a record by Justice L. Cozad, made many years since in some reminiscences of the Corners which he wrote for a church history, where in speaking of the village green or common, he says, "The front of the green was ornamented by a pond or miniature lake along the road, which made a fine place to wade and paddle in. Nathan Post moved into the Railroad Hotel in 1846. He brought with him a sand hill crane. It was a great curiosity to watch this fowl with its long legs wade in this pond in front of the green."

MARTIN GALE

The Martin Gale family was a prominent one in our village, consisting as it did of the father, mother, seven sons and three

daughters, all fine and wide-awake people, about whom I have written considerable in other places. Mr. Gale owned one hundred and sixty-five acres on the hill, where he had extensive stone quarries, much of this land being now embraced in the upper Boulevard of our park system. Mrs. Gale was a devout and faithful member of the Methodist Church.

E. T. STURTEVANT

E. T. Sturtevant, active and influential in matters at the Corners, was a man of marked ability, a graduate of Yale College. Living on the Shaker Road, where he had quite a tract of land, raising fruits and vegetables and keeping bees, so that some of us still remember the delicious honey that came from the Sturtevants. Mr. Sturtevant, at one time, owned much of the site of the present great city of Miami, Florida, he having, at a very early date, taken up a large tract of wild land there. His daughter, Mrs. Julia Sturtevant Tuttle, many years later, was active in starting developments at that point, by securing the co-operation of Mr. H. M. Flagler. It is said she gave him the site for the Royal Palm Hotel, and also donated other tracts of land, thus inducing him to build his railway to that point.

DOCTOR N. G. CHIPMAN

Everyone in our village knew and most of us had, at some time, been ministered to or treated by Doctor N. G. Chipman, the popular, faithful, village doctor, who was as well the main reliance of the afflicted of the countryside for many miles around. Of course, in those early days he, in common with all village and country practitioners, used and administered somewhat freely calomel, rhubarb, ipecac and other unpleasant remedies of the

time; but, as the people had faith in him and the drugs he administered, the sick recovered and his reputation was an excellent one.

MRS. HARRIET DOAN COAKLEY

Mrs. Harriet Doan Coakley was the widow of Job Doan, who died in 1834 of cholera. Six years later she married Cornelius Coakley, and surviving him, lived until 1884. At her funeral, at the home of her son, W. H. Doan, Reverend J. E. Twitchell conducted the services. Mrs. Coakley, a fine woman of strong character, was highly respected and deeply mourned.

THE SAM ADAMS FAMILY

This Adams family lived on Doan Street, just north of the old Cemetery, and about opposite the M. E. Church, in a pretty white house having a fountain in the front yard. There were two rather attractive daughters, Martina and Georgiana, otherwise, "Teeney" and "Georgie." "Charlie" Brown (Artemus Ward), who was then with the Plain Dealer, used to come to call on these sisters. As a boy, I saw him sitting in an arbor or summer house, chatting with the young ladies. My recollection is of a rather tall, lank, young man with prominent nose and reddish hair and moustache. One imagines those conversations would have made a priceless record.

"Sam" Adams, the father, was an able criminal lawyer, and one rainy morning when I heard him speak his piece to a careless driver who splashed him at a crosswalk, I had no doubt of his ability as an impromptu orator. I still remember his opening words, which gave me some new ideas as to the resources and possibilities of the English language.

"TOMMY" COGLEY

When I was still a child, the Cogley family, seven in number, just over from Ireland, came to live as our neighbors. The fine, creamy white Irish complexion of Mrs. Cogley must have greatly impressed me, as I still recall that it was different from the complexions of even the fairest of our Ohio women folk. "Tommy" Cogley used to tell us wonderful stories as we gathered about him, sometimes beginning with "Once upon a time when pigs drank wine," etc. I now feel sure that while listening to him we were getting a lot of ancient Irish fairy tales and folklore, centuries old, but then we only knew it was all very different from anything we had ever heard before, and as he told the tales with his fluent, witty Irish tongue, they were altogether fascinating and we never tired of them.

The members of this amiable family were Catholics, and with our, perhaps, narrow New England training, we wondered about it all, when the boys told us of having to say a given number of "Hail Marys" in punishment for some offense, and so were a little puzzled about them, but really liked them very much from the first, and we soon became fast friends and so remained for many years.

"JIM" WRIGHT

After the Doan Tavern was vacated by the Doan family, one "Jim" Brown kept it as a public house, calling it the Croton House. Succeeding Brown, came "Jim" Wright, known to all at the Corners, and the house was then called the "Wright House." "Jim" was a dapper, little Englishman and very neat in his dress. In his younger days he had been a bugler in the English Army. He is referred to by several of my correspondents, being one of

the most prominent and picturesque village characters, quite a wit and story-teller, very amusing and entertaining, especially if he was gently stimulated by samples of his own liquors. The Wright House was considered a very respectable road house, being patronized by many men of position and reputation from the city of Cleveland. Among those I recall was a war-time mayor, Mr. George B. Senter, who used to drive a fine span of dark brown roadsters, that came speeding out over the plank road and wound up with a great dash as they swung into the open space at the front of the tavern. Another frequenter of the house was Jabez Fitch, one of an old Cleveland family, and who was at one time Lieutenant-Governor of this state. Leonard Case and Henry Abbey were sometimes guests at "Jim's." Mrs. Wright, a good woman of the motherly type, was the balance wheel of their establishment. Strangely enough, "Jim" Wright, the sporting English proprietor of this road house, with its wide open bar, took a great fancy to our most exemplary brother Nathan, who, with my father, kept a saddlery and harness shop. The secret of "Jim's" admiration was from the fact that Nathan was his equal in wit and repartee, being a natural actor and imitator, who could tell a dialect story in a way "to set the table in a roar." So these two exactly opposites in character, appearance and demeanor, became good friends. On one occasion, when a bit exalted, "Jim" came to my brother's shop and said: "Gad, Nate, I'd give a hundred dollars to see you drunk." But that pleasure was ever denied him.

When the pigeons abounded in such countless numbers, they sometimes flew so low that sportsmen shot them from the porch of the Wright House.

The notorious Dan Noble, who at one time lived just opposite

"Jim" Wright's, being a neighbor and also a brother Englishman, used at times to frequent the Wright bar room. Dan once "lifted" "Jim's" watch as they talked and then asking him what time it was, gave it back to him, all of which was quite confusing to "Jim," who was usually a maker of jokes rather than the victim of them.

THE INSTRUMENTAL QUARTETTE

In our church (the Congregational) were four men, close friends, and all lovers of music, who sang in the choir and sometimes as well assisted it with their instruments. During the long winter evenings they met at their various homes to practice, what would now be called Chamber Music. Horace Ford, the leader, played the bass viol, Henry Talbot the melodeon, a small portable one, and these with Nathan L. Post and Lewis J. Wadsworth (our brother and brother-in-law), as first and second violins, made up a quartette of no mean ability. It was, therefore, a gala night at our house when, now and then, they came there for one of their meetings. Favored neighbors were invited in and we children were permitted to stay up even after nine o'clock to listen to them. Long since translated to where the blessed are, we may believe that these "just men made perfect" have joined the choir celestial, or some grand, heavenly orchestra.

J. E. HURLBUT FAMILY

Renewing a friendship with our family formed many years before in St. Lawrence County, New York, Mr. J. E. Hurlbut and family came to live in the Brott house, nearly opposite our home, and to become our close and esteemed friends. As pleasant as it is unusual, this friendship of the Hurlbuts and Posts has now continued for four generations, even to the present, when

the children of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Moatz, Mrs. Moatz being a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hurlbut, are intimate friends of the children of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Russell, Mrs. Russell being the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Post, and one seeing and hearing Marjorie (Marge) Moatz and Laura Russell get together, would at once admit that this inherited family friendship was still much alive and quite articulate.

Two men, for many years well known, respected and loved at the Corners, who have but recently passed on, were Doctor George C. Ashmun and T. Spencer Knight. As young men both saw service as volunteers in the Civil War, Doctor Ashmun in the Cavalry and later as Captain of President Lincoln's Body Guard, Mr. Knight in the Artillery under General Barnett.

Afterwards, Doctor Ashmun became a highly esteemed medical practitioner with a large practice in East Cleveland and suburbs. Later, he served for years as Health Officer of the city of Cleveland with a record for efficiency still unsurpassed. Retiring from general practice, he was on the faculty of the Western Reserve University School of Medicine. His was a life of wonderful service to his country, city, and the host of patients to whom he was friend and adviser as well as physician.

Dr. Ashmun was twice married. His first wife was Miss Laura Jane Post and his second Miss Alice Ford, who with their three sons and one daughter survive him. His death at the age of eighty-six occurred in 1928.

Spencer Knight, as he was known to so many friends, was for many years prominent in the lumber and real estate business, and later as a Vice President of The Cleveland Trust Co. Until the last he continued active and faithful in attendance at bank board meetings and equally regular at Sunday services of the

Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, which he attended for more than sixty-five years. A man of sterling worth and highest character, many mourned his death when in 1929 at the ripe age of ninety he passed on.

S. E. Stone, cheerful, smiling and a leading factor in the early days of real estate development at the Corners, had a team of white Arabian carriage horses which he drove at a dashing pace about our streets. Mr. Stone was a friend of the able and enterprising L. E. Holden. After Mr. Holden acquired the Hollenden Hotel, Mr. Stone became his confidential, financial manager at that hotel, where he was widely and favorably known to citizens and the traveling public for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bolton, who were, for a time, resident "beyond the creek," were active in the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church and interested in all religious and intellectual life at the Corners. They were two of the most brilliant people I have known, both being authors and lecturers; Mr. Bolton was a graduate of Amherst College. He was, at one time, Mayor of the Village of East Cleveland, and was broad-mindedly interested in all movements for improvement of Cleveland and vicinity. As showing his clear vision and advanced thought, I have a wonderful, comprehensive and perhaps unexcelled plan for the lake front of Cleveland, made by him in 1900, inspired, probably, by his visits to Europe where he had seen the great docks at London, Liverpool and Antwerp.

Among the leading real estate men of the '70s and '80s was Lemuel M. Southern, whose wife was Elizabeth Gale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gale. Mr. Southern was active, enthusiastic and rather daring in his real estate undertaking, in some cases buying acreage and building up whole streets at a time.

MORLEY, MICHELSON AND OTHERS

Thirty-five or forty years since, we had the pleasure and privilege of knowing intimately and having the friendship of Doctor Morley, of Western Reserve University, and Professor Albert E. Michelson, of Case School, just when they were beginning their (later to be) world-famous experiments in the measurement of light waves, since carried on to a more extended and conclusive length by Dr. Michelson and Doctor Dayton C. Miller, of Case School. Both Dr. Morley and Dr. Michelson were neighbors of ours at the Corners. Dr. Michelson and I played tennis together for a number of years, and he and I were with each other two seasons for the International Tennis Matches at Newport, Rhode Island, that most beautiful of all seaside resorts. Doctor Michelson was a graduate of Annapolis and recalled that the first time he came to Newport was as an officer on the deck of a United States naval ship.

Dr. Morley, a man of great learning and diversified scholarship, and whose fame was international, was a most lovable man, very simple and friendly in private life. He and Mrs. Morley, a brilliant New England gentlewoman, were for recreation, great readers of fiction, and we sometimes met at the Public Library, where I, with the same weakness, was occasionally their competitor for the latest thrillers.

CASE AND ABBEY

On the Euclid Road, which was then the main east and west thoroughfare and stage route from Cleveland to Buffalo, there were white mile-posts with lettering and figures in black. The one directly in front of our door, at what is now corner of 101st Street, was lettered "4 Miles to C," that four miles being measured from

the old Court House, then situated on the southwest section of the Public Square, just opposite where the Terminal Building now is.

Mr. Leonard Case and Mr. Henry Abbey, his friend and secretary, used to take their exercise by walking out from the city to this fourth mile-post, usually wheeling sharply about and walking back, but sometimes a carriage came to meet them at our corner, and they rode back towards the city. I have since wondered if these occasions of apparent weakening did not follow nights at the Ark, of which early and most exclusive club they were important charter members.

This long ago Case example of activity and endurance is still emulated, and over the same general route, by a kinsman Case of a much later generation, who, however, while going strong, is much less ambitious as to distance, and fortunately, can take an electric car at almost any corner.

THE HANKS FAMILY

In our early childhood, and even somewhat later, we frequently heard our people mention, and always pleasantly as if they had been very fond of them, Jarvis, "Ed" and Romelia Hanks. I have the impression that as a small child, I saw each of these people at different times, and all my memories of, and what I heard of them, have a sort of halo about them. They must have been talented and, perhaps, more cultured than were most of our village people. Jarvis was one of the founders of the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church. A very devout man, and fine musician, he evidently had a fine sense of humor, as it is of record that when, as leader of the church choir, he wished to introduce his violin as an aid, some of the Puritanical objecting to the appearance of a fiddle

Samuel Cozad Home (left), site of Severance Hall. Jonathan Bowles Home (right), site of Case School.
Courtesy Western Reserve Historical Society.

in the church, he claimed that his fiddle had been converted as well as himself. Ed Hanks was, I think, rather a gay blade, a wit and a raconteur, as I heard him quoted for years, and always in a mirth-producing way, by my older brother Nathan. Romelia Hanks was distinguished as having the first piano at the Corners. I think I heard her sing once and recall her as a tall, young woman with a beautiful voice. All of this is very indistinct, as I think they must have left the Corners when I was a small child, but they are of interest to us as one of these brothers painted the earliest picture that we can find of anything at or about the Corners, this being the picture which we have reproduced of Doan Brook Valley and the two fine, old homes adjacent. Not knowing which one was the artist, and Jarvis having been distinguished as a musician, may we not think that, perhaps the more worldly Ed was the artist? This certainly must have been a very interesting family, and I regret that we cannot know more of them, as no one else living here seems to remember even as much as I do about them.

CHAPTER EIGHT

VILLAGE MISCELLANY

"There were giants in those days."

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high woods echoing still.
—Milton.

Ab McIlrath was a striking figure when he came to the Corners for his mail and to trade at Dan Hildreth's store. He was 6 feet 6½ inches tall and large in proportion, weighing 255 pounds, so take him, all in all, we shall not soon see his like again.

Jovial and a fluent talker, his great voice and booming laugh made him doubly noticeable. He kept a tavern on the Euclid Road, where Superior Street now comes into Euclid Avenue. At one time all voters from the Corners, and, in fact, from all over the Township of East Cleveland, had to go to Ab McIlrath's tavern to vote, and so on Election Day there were great doings at Abner's place, with many matches at wrestling, jumping, horseshoe pitching and other sports. At Thanksgiving time and at Christmas, Ab had rifle shooting matches, with turkeys as the prizes. Fond of hunting and fishing, he was a famous Nimrod,

Abner McIlrath Tavern, Euclid Road and Superior Street, East Cleveland.—Courtesy Cleveland Public Library—McMichael Collection.

and his place was a well-known rendezvous for sportsmen of the better sort from Cleveland and the adjacent country. He kept a small pack of fox hounds, some of them fine specimens. Of them, I best remember "Driver" and "Old King," famous as never giving up and able to follow a fox all day and all night. As the story goes, one morning when the hounds were out in full cry after a fox, with Abner following closely, a sentimental stranger halted him, saying: "Listen to that heavenly music!" Abner, impatient to be on his way, tarried but to say: "Stranger, them hounds make such a blamed noise that I can't hear another thing." Powerful as he was, he was a peacemaker rather than a fighter, and once picked up two quarrelsome young fellows and holding them at arms' length, shook them until they promised to be good. One day at the store I saw him pick up a quarter-barrel sack of flour with one hand and seemingly forgetting he was holding it, stand and talk and argue with some men for, perhaps, fifteen or twenty minutes, even doing some gesturing with the loaded hand when he became a little excited and heated in the argument.

During a Lincoln campaign, Ab appeared in a parade on a platform wagon or float, representing Abe Lincoln, the rail splitter. Bareheaded and barearmed, with axe and maul at work on a huge log, he was a striking figure.

Of his large family of stalwart children, all are gone but two sons, Mr. Webb McIlrath and Mr. Will McIlrath; their brother, O. P. McIlrath, vice president of the Early Settlers' Association, having died but recently at the age of eighty-seven.

Mr. O. H. P. (Perry) Hendershot, who lived on Doan Street and afterwards on Republic Street (now 101st Street), where his son Charles still resides, was a large and powerful man, but not so very tall. During an Old Hickory campaign, probably about

1844, he captured by strategy a hickory liberty pole watched over on the town Common by a party of Democrats, the night before they were to have had a pole raising. Entirely unaided, he lifted the pole, a young hickory tree, and raising and balancing it on his shoulder, carried it to the bank of Doan Brook, where he dumped it into the bed of the stream at a point now in the Art Garden of Wade Park.

Mr. Newel Cozad, son of Samuel Cozad, was another very large man, but considerably younger than either of the others mentioned. He was 6 feet 4 inches in height and well proportioned. He was a veteran of the Civil War and a much respected resident of East Cleveland for many years. He removed to Florida some years since, where he died in 1928, at the advanced age of ninety years, Mrs. Cozad surviving him.

Our father, Nathan Post, born in Vermont in 1800, was physically powerful and very active in spite of the handicap of having had one leg amputated (no anaesthetic) when a boy of ten. At twenty-one years of age he could hop thirty feet in three hops and could high jump or hop over a cord held at the height of his nose. Until he became older and heavy he hunted, fished and rode horseback on equal terms with men of perfect physique.

* * *

TOMMY HODGES AND THE BELLS

Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low.

—Tennyson.

"The bell aye tolls for departing souls."

Tommy Hodges, whom many seem to remember, was sexton at the Congregational Church, and with his wife and daughters,

Susan and Amanda, "Sukey" and "Mandy," lived in the lower rear rooms of the church building, looking out upon the Cemetery, and of him the street boys sang:

"Once around the meeting house,
Twice around the steeple,
Tommy Hodges rings the bell,
Pop goes the weasel."

It was one of his duties to toll the church bell for any death in the village, first a few preliminary strokes, followed by a short pause, then a slow, measured tolling, one stroke for each year of the life just departed. During the tolling people stopped and counted the strokes, and as usually almost everyone in our small community had heard who was critically ill, we knew at once, almost to a certainty, for whom the knell was sounding. But, when unexpectedly the tolling bell gave forth its tidings, there were discussions and questionings, until someone went quickly to the church to learn from Tommy Hodges as to who had gone the way of all flesh.

Tommy was a person of dignity and self-realized importance, with seemingly mysterious knowledge, as he not only tolled the bell, but also dug the graves and presided at interments.

This tolling custom coming to us from New England, is so accurately described by Oliver Wendell Holmes in that curious and fascinating story *Elsie Venner*, that I quote from his description of the scene immediately after Elsie's death at her father's mansion. "A messenger rode hastily out of the avenue. A little after this the people of the village and the outlying farm houses were startled by the sound of a bell. One—two—three—four—they stopped in every house, as far as the wavering vibration

reached—five—six—seven. It was not the little child which had been lying so long at the point of death; that could not have been more than three or four years old—eight—nine—ten—and so on to fifteen—sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—. 'Elsie's dead!' was the exclamation at a hundred firesides." Holmes also mentions the custom in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

It, undoubtedly, came to New England from Old England with the Colonists and beyond that goes back to remote antiquity. A quaint writer of Old England speaking for the bells once wrote:

"To call the fold to church in time,
We chime.
When joy and mirth are on the wing,
We ring.
When we lament a departed soul,
We toll."

This passing bell, sometimes called the "soul bell" and the "death bell," was originally tolled that those who heard might pray for the soul of the departed, and it was supposed to frighten away the fiends who might molest the passing spirit.

When the passing bell doth tole,
And the furies in a shole,
Come to fight a parting soule,
Sweet spirit, comfort me.
—Herrick.

Durandus wrote: "When anyone is dying, bells must be softly tolled, that the people may say their prayers, and must be rung at the funeral."

At the moment of death of one in ancient Athens, brass kettles

were beaten and bells were rung in order to scare away the furies.

Knowing nothing of the antiquity of the tolling bell, we only thought of it as a notice of death. The scholars in school felt an awed sort of pleasure as studies and recitations were halted while the strokes were counted.

In his fascinating volume, *Here, There and Everywhere*, Lord Frederick Hamilton says: "In my time at Harrow, should a member of the school die during the term, the school bell was tolled at minute intervals from 10 to 10:30 P. M.

Among our school songs was one called 'The Voice of the Bells.' It had a bright, cheery tune and was very popular, but there was a special verse only sung when a boy had died during the term. It was sung very slowly as a solo to an organ accompaniment, and it touched everyone. The words were:

'Hark to the stroke, another and another,
Ding, ding, ding,
Tolling at night for the passing of a brother,
Ding, ding, ding,
One more life from our life is taken,
Work all done, and fellowship forsaken,
Playmate sleep—and far away awaken,
Ding, ding, ding.'

The 'Ding, ding, ding' being taken up by the chorus."

VILLAGE STORIES

During the transitions from hamlet to village and from village to city, while ways were yet leisurely small matters were of interest and simple stories amusing.

The proprietor of the first bakery at the Corners came soon

after the old Cemetery was abolished and the remains removed, and while there were still some portions of ancient broken gravestones scattered about. It was said that he used some of these fragments of stone for the bottom of his bake oven, so that his loaves sometimes had imprinted upon them reminders of the long departed.

"Grandfather Roberts" who, with his son David, established a business that his grandson, George, still carries on, was, as he grew old and heavy, subject to attacks of drowsiness or a sort of sleeping sickness, and was now and again seen sitting astride a chair at the door of his shop, hat and coat off, comfortably nodding and smoking until disturbed by his family or a customer. When driving about on business, he would go sound asleep, but no one worried, as his clever, little black horse always brought him home safe and sound. Wending his way through the street traffic with certainty, that little nag always crossing the street in the same spot, wound up at the shop front, there to wait patiently until someone came to take "Grandpa" in and the horse to the stable.

Another horse of note was the white-faced sorrel, driven by a butcher to his delivery wagon. This unique equine and early exponent of relaxation had learned the trick of lying down in the shafts. When left standing on the street, down he would go for a bit of rest, but always with a keen eye for his driver's return, when at his approach he would scramble up as quick as a cat, apparently refreshed and without damage to harness or wagon, was again ready for action.

Our old gray pacer, "Polly Ann," was not so slow, while the Gales' "Old Sam," a dark roan, had a free swinging trot that fairly ate up the road.

Charles Knowles Bolton, the author of prose and verse, and

now for many years the dignified and efficient librarian of the Boston Athenaeum Library, who was a Corners boy, writes me in reminiscent mood: "I used to live on Wilbur Street and so was familiar with the people and the stores roundabout. I recall that I went to school on Doan Street, near to a large livery stable. The stable burned and I, as a small boy, saw many half-burned horses being carried away in trucks. A Miss Kellogg was a teacher at the school at the time and I remember how thrilled we were to find that she had a lover. I lived with my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Halsey D. Miller, and used to be sent frequently to the stores in that neighborhood. I remember the grocer used to charge so much a dozen for eggs and one cent extra for the bag. It was said that every night when he locked the front door, he would catch the flies and shake them over the sugar barrel in order to save the sugar collected on their feet."

Uncle John Hurlbut, one-time Mayor of East Cleveland, was a great joker. Living next to Squire Edwin Fuller, he, one day, while at the store, heard a farmer asking where Squire Fuller lived, explaining that he had a barrel of cider for the Squire, which he had ordered and paid him for sometime before. Uncle John promptly offered to guide the inquiring farmer and took him to his own house, and had the cider put in the cellar. Watching until Squire Fuller came home that afternoon, he shouted to him, inviting him to come over and sample some fine cider that he had just received. The Squire promptly accepted the invitation, drank heartily of the cider, and praised it highly, at the same time wondering why that farmer whom he had paid for a barrel, quite a time before, had not yet made delivery. Then Uncle John told him the joke, they both had a hearty laugh and the barrel was rolled across the yard to the Fuller home.

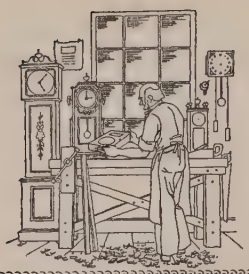
LATER FAMILIES

Space fails, so that I can mention but a few of the many fine families that came to the Corners between 1860 and 1890. Among those heartily welcomed soon after the war were Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins, with their five sons. Dwight Stebbins, an excellent cornetist, led our village band and was, at one time, leader of the choir at the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church. The Stebbins family lived on Doan Street and were neighbors of the Neffs, the Colonel A. J. Smith family, the Spragues, Wilburs and Wellers, the Comstocks, the Millards, the Fays and the N. L. Post family. During the period above mentioned there came the cheerful, hospitable family of Doctor and Mrs. Julius King; Mrs. King still survives and is keenly interested in all events of the present time. Of the children of this family there still remain Mr. Walter G. King, of New York City; Mr. B. M. King and Mrs. Virginia King Gilkey, of this city. Mrs. Dorothy Morris and family came to live opposite our old home. Mrs. Morris was a lovely lady and a dear friend of our mother. This entire family was among the best of our neighbors for many years, as was also the family of Captain Thomas Wilson, succeeding to the Morris home, Mrs. Wilson being a daughter of Mrs. Morris.

In 1873 Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Wellman arrived from Nashua, New Hampshire, he to become associated with Mr. Chas. A. Otis in the formation and upbuilding of The Otis Steel Company, and later to become a famous steel maker and inventor of world repute. Modest and unassuming in private life, Mr. Wellman was a faithful member of and office bearer in the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, where the gentle, lovable Mrs. Wellman was actively efficient in the Sunday School and in the Woman's Association.

Coming to the Corners section from this time on were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Bole, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. James Hoge and many other excellent people who, with their families, were welcomed to the life and activities of the community, not forgetting the older Fairmount Street families of the Rands, Talbots, Harts, Prestons, Platts, Norris, Moses and that of Judge Cadwell.

And what a wonderful array of doctors we had, beginning with the one earliest remembered and mentioned by many, Doctor N. G. Chipman. After him came Doctor B. M. Page, handsome, modest, skillful. Then Doctor P. H. Sawyer, quiet, dignified, and the trusted physician of many families. Also Doctor G. C. Ashmun, so well known and liked, who is mentioned elsewhere. Then there were Doctor N. B. Lukens, who for many years lived on Doan Street. Doctor Nicholas Petre, born and educated in Stockholm, Sweden, who came to us with methods then little known, and was thus far in advance of the times. About this time we had Doctor E. W. Robertson and Doctor Josephus Craft. All mentioned were worthy and each had his circle of patients, and I take pleasure in making most honorable mention of Mrs. Martha Canfield, a noble woman, who was a successful and skillful physician and surgeon, and established the first hospital at or near the Corners, it being located on what was then Fairmount Street.



CHAPTER NINE

EARLY MERCHANTS, INDUSTRIES AND DOANS ARMORY

DURING the '40s and '50s, Dan Hildreth was a monopolist, having the only store at the Corners. This trade emporium consisted of one not large principal room, with a small back room, containing what was a fair stock of goods for those days. The postoffice being kept in this store, Mr. Hildreth and Uncle John Walters, the postmaster, were the oracles for local and outside news. One Hoyt, whom I don't remember well, came later as a competitor of Hildreth, and was followed by Truman D. Peck, an enterprising merchant, who put in the first stock of drugs at the Corners, and a soda fountain, simple and crude, with the few flavors in glass bottles with metal tops, ranged upon the counter. Then there came as merchants, Post and Wadsworth, Miss Sarah Wadleigh, W. A. Neff, L. M. Comstock, whose active, good-looking clerk, LeRoy Treadway, was my close friend for many years. Later there was as a grocer, Mr. H. D. Hovey, a generous man, followed by genial, smiling Tom Ross, and then George Watkins and son. Still later, Mr. Moses H. Wood and son, M. E. Wood, moved to the Corners from up near 55th Street. Mr. Byron Fay, ever kindly and helpful, was with the Woods, as was also cheerful Spencer Frary, at one time of the firm of Aldrich & Frary. Mr. and Mrs. Frary are still living, active and alert, he at the age of eighty-six and Mrs. Frary now past eighty.

Mr. Caleb Davies came to the Corners in 1877 and is now the honored and respected Dean of the Corners business men. Mr. J. F. Millard, now deceased, came about 1851. The business he established is still carried on by his son William and grandson Ralph, and their business associate for thirty-seven years, Mr. Samuel Raper. Then, among the veterans, still active, are P. B. Sherman, son of Isaac Sherman, Frank Potter, still in business just about where the Doan log tavern stood, popular Fred Epple, a veteran of thirty-five years at the Corners, who is fortunate in having a worthy son associated with him, Roberts & Sons, their business being now carried on by one of the third generation. Mr. Fred Larwill, the book merchant, has been located in that section for more than twenty-five years. Mr. C. H. Holmes came from Sheffield, England, in 1881, and his son, Godfrey, still carries on the business his father then started. Charlesworth & Son are also veterans, while Mr. Ed Rohs, now retired, is son of Mr. Henry Rohs, a one-time village blacksmith, who was a fine man and model citizen.

The first industry of which we have a record was a saleratus factory, erected by Nathaniel Doan, soon after he had built his log cabin tavern. The next I learn of, and long after, were a grist mill erected by Samuel Cozad and a tannery established by his brother Elias. Another very early industry was the Embury Clock Factory, located about where the old brewery now blots the landscape. It is mentioned in Mr. Stafford's letter. Wound up and yet run down, it was idle and deserted from my earliest recollection, but had been an active industry. Some years later, but earlier than 1865, a Doctor Palmer had a small laboratory plant in the ravine north of his house for the manufacture of oil from cannel coal. The Palmer house mentioned still stands at the northeast corner

of Euclid Avenue and 89th Street. It was for many years owned and occupied by the Ira Adams family, they originally owning twelve and a half acres at this point.

Not later than 1858, possibly a little earlier, Ahimiaz Sherwin, Isaac Sherman, Nathan Post, Nathan Lord Post, John Hanley and others erected a malleable iron foundry, on the west side of Sherman Street, now 100th Street, a little north of Carnegie Avenue. This was the first malleable iron foundry in or about Cleveland, the process being still young in America. This venture, not too successful, was discontinued in a short time, being succeeded by the Jones Mowing Machine Company, which for several years conducted a flourishing business in the malleable iron company's building.

Isaac Sherman had a sorghum mill just north of this iron foundry, where the sorghum cane was ground, the syrup being boiled down in a part of the foundry building fitted up for that purpose.

While Mr. J. H. Whittemore came to Cleveland in 1868, organizing The Cleveland Malleable Iron Company, which, under its later name of The National Malleable Castings Co. has grown to great proportions and wealth, it was not established until fully ten years after the small venture at Doans Corners.

I should here record that a company (name and exact date now forgotten) once drilled for oil about where the Roque courts are located in what is now Wade Park. After going down about thirteen hundred feet and securing nothing but an oily smell and considerable gas, the enterprise was abandoned. During our boyhood, the main industry at the Corners was the quarrying and sale of stone from the ridge. Martin Gale and Joseph Barber were competitors in production of sandstone and at the same time were

Wm. Halsey Doan.

most intimate friends. Later, Mr. W. A. Neff quarried blue stone and had a mill for sawing slabs of it for sidewalks. All industries coming after this we will consider modern, and so entirely uninteresting to us as antiquarians.

W. H. DOAN AND DOANS ARMORY

W. H. Doan, familiarly known as "Halsey" Doan, was a remarkable man. Born in 1828, he went to California by way of Cape Horn in the Gold Rush of 1849. In 1860 he returned to Doans Corners, possibly poorer than when he left. In 1862 he was a trainman on the Oil Creek Railway, but returned to Cleveland again in 1866. At a little later date he became associated with Mr. S. V. Harkness in the oil business, the firm at that time being Harkness & Doan. Soon both of these men became allies of John D. Rockefeller in his new Standard Oil Co., and so came to wealth and prosperity. Mr. Doan's nephew, Anthony Wilbur, was an active and important factor at the Doan refinery.

Mr. Doan joined the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church during the pastorate of the Reverend J. E. Twitchell. Always desiring to render Christian service, he often stood in the vestibule of the church before services to welcome all with an outstretched hand, a word of greeting and a magnetic smile, that was cheering and inspiring. Having a good though untrained voice, he led the singing in prayer meeting in such an easy, natural way that it was infectious and practically all of us sang with him, as few cultured leaders could have induced us to do.

At a date which I cannot fix definitely, but which I think was about 1878, "Halsey" Doan erected on the Common in front of the old Congregational Church at the northwest corner of Euclid Avenue and East 105th Street a large frame building, primarily

intended for a Drill Hall. It was called Doans Armory, but was also designed so as to be used for religious meetings, and many neighborhood gatherings of divers sorts. I seem to recall most clearly an evening entertainment when Jesse Fay, one of the Doan Street boys, and a close friend of Will Post's, "spoke a piece" about "Roger and I," and did it excellently. It seems hardly possible that he is now a gray-haired grandfather, yet always an interesting talker, he still tells a story mighty well. My nephew "Will" referred to above had a remarkable memory, enabling him to recite an entire Shakespearian play without prompting.

And here came Reynolds, the hypnotist, to amuse and mystify the villagers. Long before Billy Sunday appeared, there came to the old Armory an evangelist, who, in moments of fervor and excitement, jumped over benches and performed other feats of that sort. Some who are younger than I still cherish memories of wonderful gatherings of various sorts in this old building. Miss Clara Petre recalls a very stormy night, when their class of five had planned to give an entertainment for charitable purposes which was carried through to success and profit by a judicious advance sale of tickets, aided by friends who rallied to them despite the elements. Charlie Hogen remembers a concert of plantation songs, when his school teacher, Miss Mary Warmington, sang. At another time, the M. E. Church gave a fine exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. Miss Dolman, a granddaughter of the first tailor at the Corners, recalls revival meetings at the Armory and also a concert when the singers sang from behind a screen painted with large flowers with openings in their centers through which the performers' faces appeared.

Mr. Walter Gray King, of New York City, has written me: "The

boys met once a week in the old church, back of the Armory, for a prayer meeting, lasting about thirty minutes, after which they were drilled in Doans Armory under the instruction of Captain Kendall, a regular army officer and the first drill master. It was Captain Kendall who selected the officers of the company: W. G. King, captain; Howard S. Stebbins, first lieutenant; B. W. King, second lieutenant, and Chris. McDermot, first sergeant.

From the time of the organization of the first company there was some sort of a military organization in the East End, either a political marching club or a regular military organization. Enclosed are some clippings and I still have 'The Sword'."

One of the clippings enclosed refers to a meeting of the East End Drill Corps at Doans Armory, when the ladies of the East End served a tempting repast. Supper over, Captain Walter G. King, in command of the Corps, was ordered to stand up, when Lieutenant W. B. Maxson, in behalf of the members of the Corps, presented him with a full dress sword. The Captain, who was deservedly popular, was taken by surprise but managed to express his keen appreciation of the gift.

The Drill Corps, later the Euclid Light Infantry, was, at one time, commanded by Captain F. B. S. Morgan, Captain King succeeding him.

This Armory was damaged by fire in 1894, when Captain Andrew Brott, now retired, after many years of service at No. 10 Engine House, was active there. John Walsh and Patrick O'Brien (hurrah for the Irish), still at No. 10, after about thirty-eight years there, recall this fire, as it was the first alarm they had answered in sixteen days. Eventually, the building gave way to modern improvements, but memories of it still linger with a few of the elect.

Several years after he built the Armory at the Corners, Mr. Doan erected for religious meetings Doans Tabernacle at the southeast corner of Ontario Street and St. Clair Avenue, and still later he sponsored the building of an excellent Music Hall on Vincent Street, a little east of the Hollenden, where fine concert and excellent lecture courses were given. Mr. C. E. Bolton conducted most successfully some of these courses and had installed in this Music Hall the first illuminated fountain seen in Cleveland.

CHAPTER TEN

OLD HOUSES

The folk of the old rock, the dwellers in the older houses.
—Kipling.

THE FULLER—COZAD—NOBLE HOUSE

THE house still standing in a good state of preservation at the southwest corner of 107th Street at Euclid Avenue is most interesting, as being one of the oldest houses at the Corners, and because of its many and varied tenants. Much inquiry leads me to believe the house was built by a Mr. Barber. Squire Edwin Fuller afterward owned it, but when we first knew it Dan Noble, said to be a notorious English pickpocket, lived there, the premises having probably had one or two tenants between the moving of the Fullers and the coming of the Noble tribe; indeed, I think Doctor Chipman lived there for a time before Noble came. Dan Noble used this as a rendezvous for his gang of thieves and pickpockets, and when any of his henchmen were hiding out or shut up in penitentiary or jail, he kept and cared for their families there; it being generally believed at the Corners that this master thief and pickpocket of international notoriety was not disturbed by the local authorities under an understood agreement that he would not operate in this territory. While here he was practically an English sportsman, driving his tandem dogcart and keeping a

kennel of greyhounds and fighting bulldogs, which were sometimes trained and exercised by the stable boys on the lawn in front of his house. One morning as he drove out in his tandem dogcart, one of the bulldogs escaped and dashing into the street, sprang at the lead horse or pony with such ferocity that he brought him to his knees and worried and tore the fine little horse until choked or beaten off.

Dan Noble was a picturesque, and, to us boys, a mighty interesting character. When he started away on professional trips, he wore clerical black and a high hat, altogether a dignified personage. We younger ones of the neighborhood were interested and rather sympathetic when he went back to England only to be arrested and sent to prison for a long, possibly life term, as we never heard of him after.

The house was afterward occupied by S. V. Harkness, who lived there when he began to lay the foundation of his great fortune by association with John D. Rockefeller, and the then new and experimental Standard Oil Co., into which venture Harkness is said to have put but $75,000. As the years have passed, the Harkness fortune has increased so enormously that, notwithstanding the many wise and liberal donations and benefactions to art and education made from it by the heirs of two or three generations, at the somewhat recent death of his widow, at a ripe, old age, it was said that her personal estate was about $300,000,000. While Mr. Harkness lived in this house, the Corners were within the territory that in 1866 became an incorporated village called East Cleveland. Mr. Harkness being a man of ability and of dignified appearance, was chosen as the first mayor of East Cleveland, the second mayor being, I think, that model citizen and genial gentleman, William A. Neff, father of Professor Frank H. Neff,

Old Barber-Fuller-Noble-Harkness house, Euclid and 107th Street.
Photo by Mr. W. T. Higbee.

of Case School of Applied Science. Doctor Chipman served a term as mayor and then came John E. Hurlbut. At the close of the Hurlbut administration, the village of East Cleveland was (in 1872) annexed to the city of Cleveland.

Following the Fuller-Noble-Harkness occupancy of the property, came to it Dr. Boise, a devout churchman, member of the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, and a teacher of its Men's Bible Class. Afterward, Elias Cozad and his daughter, Mrs. Andrews, lived in the house, followed as tenants by Charles Northrup, then Captain George Quayle and family. Then came the Humphrey family, who were occupants for several years. Later still, it was occupied by Horace Potter, as an Art Studio. Having been during the years the home of many happy, virtuous village folk, a "Robbers' Roost" and the founding place of a great fortune, with an interval of commercial art, behold it now, not seeming old, but transformed by time and modern usage into a public dining place, with a filling station in its front yard.

THE HOLDEN HOUSE SITE OF CASE SCHOOL

Originally a fine mansion with large, stone pillars on the front and beautiful grounds about it, it was known before Case School of Applied Science came to occupy its site as the L. E. Holden home. Preceding the Holdens two or three other families occupied it. It was built, I think, about 1845, by a Mr. Bowles, who left it a few years later when he erected a fine brick house on the south side of Euclid, opposite the Post home at 101st Street and Euclid. The old Bowles place then came into possession of a Mr. Kirtland and family and was for years known as the Kirtland Estate, probably because it was rather the finest and most dignified place in our section. A dam was built across Doan Brook, just under the

bank running beside the grounds of this home. The pond resulting was a place for cutting ice, which was then clear and pure, quite different from what it would be today. The Kirtland ice house was the first one I ever saw. At this dam, a hydraulic ram forced water up to the Kirtland house and grounds. Still later, Mr. Silverthorn for a time kept a hotel there, popular among the best business men of the city. Among the guests living there at this time was George Burnham, who was then a joint owner of the property with Mr. Holden. After the Holden family took possession of the place, it became, with the improvements they made, perhaps more beautiful and attractive than ever before.

But a few weeks before his death, my friend, the lamented Doctor James A. Stephens, wrote me of his home at 6709 Euclid Avenue, which was originally the Dunham Tavern, and known to us in childhood as the Jim Welch place, it being the oldest house on Euclid Avenue, east of 55th Street:

"Dear Mr. Post:—About my old home, there is much I have never been able to find out. It is nearly one hundred years old. Originally a tavern, built of hewn timbers and chestnut plank partition. The joists, also, on the first floor are hewn logs. It was put together with wooden pins and hand-made wrought iron spikes. It had a water tank connected with an outside cistern into which water was forced by a force pump, also a lead bath tub. Stage coaches drove up to the front door. The west room was used as a barroom, the middle room as office and general gathering place for travelers, connected with the barroom, not only by door but also an opening through the partition, through which drink might be passed. The east room was for social gatherings, and many of our old-time residents, now passed on, told me of driving from Cleveland to the tavern for dancing. The plaster is

W. A. Neff Home (previously Congregational Church Parsonage), Doan Street, now East 105th Street.—From an early Cleveland Atlas.

laid on split lath. It originally had a large brick oven in the kitchen; an old stone structure in the rear of the house still standing was for smoking meats. The barn, also, was of similar construction, 40 by 50 feet, and shows most excellent types of broad axe hewing. Three broad fireplaces were doing their duty for heating purposes, later modernized and made smaller, and when tearing out one of them I found the original crane in one of the fireplaces. There were seven or eight sleeping rooms when I purchased it, all connected with the office and kitchen by wires with bells on spiral rings. Of course, we had modernized much of the interior but not changing the general plan of the structure."

The Harlow house, shown on my plat or street map as standing near where the Elysium Rink now is, was in its lovely setting amid fine trees and overlooking a pond, a beautiful home, now said to be 100 years old. It has been removed to Fairmount Court, just east of 105th Street, where it now stands in good condition. Built on excellent lines with a sort of Romeo and Juliet balcony on one side, it is still a very pretty house.

Next to this in point of age about the Corners are the Barber-Fuller-Cozad house at 10646 Euclid Avenue and the Palmer-Adams house at 8903 Euclid Avenue, now occupied by Mr. George Bierce, both mentioned elsewhere.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE GARDEN

I saw a garden stretching out
And morning on it like a crown—
And o'er a bed of crimson bloom
My Mother stooping down.
—Burnet.

"Here pinks with spices in their throat"

A garden full of fragrances,
Of pansies and of cadences,
Whence come they all?
—Evans.

WITHOUT prejudice or unfair partiality, I really believe our old home was the most picturesque, and, except for the Doan Tavern, one of the oldest of the homes at the Corners of 1850 to 1870, built, I think, about 1825 or earlier, and standing till 1874. Most of our friends and neighbors had homes much finer than ours, some of brick, and Dr. Streator's, a solid stone structure. Many of them had trim, well-ordered grounds and gardens, while our home, long, low and gray, built for a hotel in the long ago, was weather-beaten and the yard and garden somewhat ragged and grass-grown, which seemed to make it homey and inviting. That which added much to its attractiveness was the fine sunken garden

in front, seemingly old even in our childhood days. Who planned and planted it we never knew, but it must have been done long before our family came, and by someone of excellent taste and some knowledge of gardening. This garden, about two feet below surrounding ground level, was truly in its half-wild way a place of much charm and beauty, appealing to the children of our family and the neighborhood, as well as to their elders, with its beds of button and hundred-leaf roses, myrtle and corn lilies, with many other old-time flowers, its grass-grown borders and on two sides great clumps of tall lilac bushes, not forgetting the trumpet creeper on the lattice where the ruby throats came in blossom time. There were also large flowering currant bushes, with, in season, their yellow flowers of the spicy odor and the black fruit a little later, making altogether a place in which to wander and to linger.

The currant bushes spicy smell
Homely and honest likes me well.
—Tynan.

The odor of those growths and blooms, on a balmy summer evening after a warm shower, was exquisite and is still a fragrant memory.

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring.
—Carman.

Four pine trees there were also at the corners of a rectangle, and in them birds nested, one family of robins returning to and using the same nest year after year. This was long before the days of leg banding by which patient amateur enthusiasts, like Mr. Prentiss Baldwin at Gates Mills, have secured such wonderful re-

sults and added so much to bird lore. Yet we were positive in our knowledge and needed neither to catch and band like Baldwin nor to erect an observatory from which to spy, as has that great ornithologist, "The Eagle Man," Dr. Francis Hobart Herrick, because our robins were accommodating enough to build their nest in a pine tree just about on a level with our dining and living room windows and not more than fifteen or twenty feet away; and as the mother bird had a very distinctly identifying strip of white feathers in her face, we knew and welcomed her and her family year after year.

The bird houses on upright poles were built for and much used by the bluebirds, whose nests were sometimes raided and broken up by those small but vicious pirates, the wrens. I can yet distinctly visualize a wren coming out of a bluebird house with an egg impaled upon its long, sharp bill; so, while all other birds were by us protected and cherished, the wrens were outlaws and killed whenever possible.

I know a place where the robins go
together
Along toward dusk in the July
weather—
After a rain, when the bright lawn
glitters
In the slant-eyed glances of the
sun's goodnight—
And they run along the grass, and
the twilight twitters
With their bickering and chattering
delight.

And nothing happens there that
thrills or surprises;
The rose-leaves tumble and the sod
smell rises,
And that is the hour when a man
could weep
With a joy too solemn and a peace
too deep.

—Robinson.

Later, at our new home built in 1874, on a portion of this site, I kept record of the chimney swallows' return for quite a number of years. This I could do most conveniently, as they nested in the chimney of the room occupied by my brother "Jimmie" and myself, and the white wall of the chimney breast made a perfectly good place (though not approved by housekeepers) for a pencil journal entry. Just about May 5th, year after year, these small wanderers came back home from who knows where and how many weary miles of flight?

When apple blossom time does come
And with their scent the air is filled,
And fields are full of buttercups—
'Tis then the swallows build.

—Parmenter.

There were three plants, which, in spite of repeated cutting and digging out, persisted in growing about the edges of our stable yard. All were said to be poison, and so to be avoided by children. As the story ran, some foreigners who once, long before our time, were tenants of the old Railroad Hotel, had planted them "to keep off the witches."

The so-called "deadly Nightshade" was the only one for which we had a name; another was of a light, vivid green, low-growing with lace-like leaves and a vile odor when its very juicy growth was crushed; the third of these plants grew to be quite a bush, and had night-blooming, trumpet-shaped flowers of a pale and sickly purple or pink. To these flowers, in the long summer evenings, came what we called "lady-birds"; really, they were very large moths of wonderfully beautiful markings and colors. Hovering over the blossoms, they probed them with long tongues, which uncoiled like an elephant's trunk. I cannot recall ever having seen them elsewhere than about those plants.

Our cousin, Elizabeth "Libbie" Lord, now Mrs. H. F. Tarbox, of Batavia, New York, who, as a child, spent her summers with us, writes me: "Your letter with several enclosures came duly to hand. I like the beginning very much about 'The Garden.' It carried me back to the days when I both saw and enjoyed it. I am very much interested in all the parts, especially about Uncle John, for I remember him."

There were wild rabbits in our orchard and in the old Cemetery that adjoined it. Once I saw a family of quail seemingly quite at home in that same locality. An old woodchuck lived for some years under our barn and became large, fat and fearless. He, of course, hibernated during the winter, but in the summer took possession of our back yard grass plat. My spirited terrier dog Pepper, a great ratter and "catter," could never quite get up courage to really tackle this old chap with the ugly, projecting teeth and fierce rushes. I watched them, day after day, the burly old chuck nibbling grass and utterly ignoring the frantic dog, till the time came to rush and drive off the greatly excited Pepper, which of all my long list of dogs is the one I still dream of.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE PIGEONS

WHILE quite small I went with my father and other men from the village to shoot pigeons from the bank or ridge overlooking what is now the Art Garden and lake. This ridge, opposite Wade Park Manor, was at that time rather an open grove with some very fine chestnut and other forest trees upon it. This was when those beautiful birds, the passenger pigeons, still flew in countless millions, at times shutting out the sunlight, as they sometimes flew in strata, seven or eight deep, thus causing midday twilight, while the sound of their myriad wings was like surf on the shore. As I recall, they flew from east to west, and the greatest number but for a few hours before noontime. Some years later, my brother James and I went over to Coits by the lake near Doan Street with our older brother, Nathan, and some other men, to shoot pigeons when they were flying along the lake shore. Here the birds flew low and the shooting into the flocks at times so confused the birds that they lighted in the low trees and at times even on the wagons and the backs of the horses hitched nearby. The Neff boys at their home on Doan Street not only shot them, but at some times of very low flight, knocked them down with clubs. In still earlier times, Mr. George B. Merwin told of picking up sixteen pigeons his father had killed at one shot in the Weddell House lot, then large and enclosed with a rail fence.

In the earlier days some of these flocks of pigeons flying over the Ohio Valley were a mile or more in width and eight or ten miles long, and in some of the greater migrations the flocks were estimated to be one hundred and fifty miles long.

These birds were beautifully colored, the body being a bluish slate with olive gray shading with iridescent effects of violet, gold and green on the neck and with, in some cases, a reddish buff on the breasts; their feet and legs were a coral red. These famous passenger pigeons whose utter disappearance and extermination is still a mystery, were, as indicated, aristocrats of the air, slender, shapely, well-rounded, with long, tapering tail feathers.

It seems outrageous to think of farmers near their roosts, slaughtering them old and young, by day and night, in countless thousands, then using them to fatten their hogs. But, on the other hand, like locusts, in number it would seem they must have been very destructive to all growing crops. For many years organized bands of hunters killed them by the million for shipment to city markets.

Alexander Wilson says in his American Ornithology, "the most remarkable characteristic of these birds is their associating together, both in their migrations, and during the period of incubation in such prodigious numbers as to almost surpass belief and which has no parallel among any other of the feathered tribe on the face of the earth."

The great Naturalist Audubon says: "Their migrations are made entirely owing to the necessity of procuring food and are not with a view to escaping the severity of a northern latitude or of seeking a southern one for the purpose of breeding. Consequently, they do not take place at any fixed period or season of the year. Their great power of flight enables them to pass over an

astonishing extent of country in a very short time; thus, pigeons have been killed in the neighborhood of New York with their crops full of rice which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia and the Carolinas. They must, in such cases, have traveled between three and four hundred miles in six hours, which shows their power of speed to be at an average of about *one mile in a minute.*" Audubon also speaks of a flight of pigeons which he witnessed on a journey from his home at Henderson on the Ohio River to Louisville, Kentucky. He says the air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse. This flight continued for three days, the atmosphere during this time being strongly impregnated with the peculiar odor which emanates from this species. He tells of visiting one of their roosting places in Kentucky where many trees two feet in diameter had been broken off by the great weight of the birds and the branches of many of the largest and tallest trees had given way as if the forest had been swept by a tornado.

Repeated visits proved to him that this roost was upward of forty miles in length and of an average breadth rather more than three miles.

Many theories have been advanced as to their seemingly sudden, mysterious and absolute extermination. Doctor Francis Hobart Herrick, of Western Reserve University, Doctor Frank M. Chapman, Curator-in-Chief of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, and Doctor A. Wetmore, the Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., have all written me in reply to my inquiries, and it seems to be their unanimous opinion that the disappearance of the pigeons was not due to any sudden, natural catastrophe, nor was it the result of an epidemic; but that they were gradually pushed westward

to their extermination by man's systematic slaughter, their final stand being at Petoskey, Michigan. The pigeon was dwindling in numbers over a period of years, though, as it always gathered in flocks, it seemed numerous until about 1903 when the last flock was wiped out. A captive bird in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden lived until 1914, its body being now preserved in the National Museum at Washington. These pigeons laid but one egg at a nesting, hence their rate of increase could not possibly keep up with the persistent persecution at the hands of man.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE SEVEN BROOKS

A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June;
That to the sleeping woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune.

—Coleridge.

See how the stream has overflowed
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road
Is spreading far and wide!

—Longfellow.

Doan Brook, which runs through Wade Park, is still visible in spots, though north of Euclid Avenue it is ingloriously boxed in and buried, yet for a little way south of the Avenue it is still open to the sky, and except for color and odor, is much as it was fifty years ago and thus still attractive. Though now somewhat sluggish, it occasionally wakens and shows something of its old-time vigor, as in the latter part of June, 1929, when after heavy rains, it rose in its might, overflowing the banks and for a time became a veritable raging torrent. In some places it carried away sections of its retaining wall, and at one rather narrow spot in Wade Park must have been from eight to ten feet deep and many times normal width, which proves that when "riled" there is still life and action in this old "crick."

Doan Brook was not an idler in the early days. The Shakers used its power for their three mills, the woolen mill and tannery at the East Village, the saw mill at the Middle Village and the grist mill at the West or Mill Village. Farther down the stream, just north of Euclid Road, where the Art Garden now is, at a still earlier date, Samuel Cozad had a grist mill which was burned by careless campers, much to his discouragement and financial embarrassment. Still farther down near the present Superior Avenue was the Crawford Dam and Mill, probably originally a saw mill. In our time it was, however, used as a cider mill, although the dam and flume were quite dilapidated.

Listen to the water mill
Through the livelong day,
How the clacking of the wheel
Wears the hours away.

And a proverb haunts my mind
And as a spell is cast,
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."
—Doudney.

In the spring the suckers came up the brook from Lake Erie to spawn; great schools of them. How they got above the dams, I don't know, but I saw them up near Cedar Road with men and boys by torchlight, catching them on the "riffles" in such numbers that they were carried off in gunny sacks.

The bridge and roadway at the Doan Brook crossing at Euclid Avenue were narrow and on quite an embankment. At the south side of the road beside this embankment was a ford, so that the farmers and others often drove down a sloping approach and

crossed through the stream, usually stopping to loosen the check rein and let the horses drink their fill of the water that was then clear and pure. The small and infrequent circuses and menageries of those days traveled in wagons and their elephants tramping the roads refused to trust this bridge and so went wading through the brook. We boys knew this to be a fact, as, in some mysterious way we seemed to sense the exact time to be on hand to see the animals cross.

There were two other brooks crossing Euclid Avenue, between the Corners and Willson Avenue, now 55th Street. First to the westward was the Spring Pond Brook, a small but very pretty stream, which crossed just where Emanuel Episcopal Church now stands. On the north side of Euclid Avenue, close beside this stream, in quite a valley, was a small, circular, clear, spring pond, on which we skated in the winter. Just where the easterly building of the Huron Road Hospital Group now stands was a sort of tavern or road house, called the Spring Pond House. North of this tavern was the Spring Pond Race Track. As boys, we were not permitted to visit the track, but were thrilled by the shouting of the jockeys and the cheers of the crowd. One fine roan trotter, "Butcher Boy," locally famous for his speed, had been taken from a butcher cart and trained for the track. On this one-half mile track Flora Temple, the famous trotting mare then touring the country, trotted an exhibition mile with running mate in the then surprising time of 2:17.

But, back to our brooks! Still farther west, Giddings Brook (originally Curtis Brook) crossed the Avenue just east of the fine old homestead of Judge Bolton at 71st Street, and in times of heavy rain it had a way of flooding the road to lake-like dimensions. This was an attractive little stream and its Euclid Avenue

surroundings are well described in a letter by Mr. C. C. Bolton.

The last and almost the only rail fence I remember on Euclid Road was on the Spangler property, just east of this Giddings Brook, with bushes and briers growing in its corners in regular country style. This fence was on a portion of the old Spangler place on the north side of the Avenue where lived Miss Harriet or "Old Maid" Spangler, a rather eccentric woman, somewhat careless in dress, a great talker, with a keen mind and said to have been an exceptionally fine pianist. When the horse cars first came out Euclid Road, she insisted upon riding on the front platform with the driver, as she said, for the benefit of the fresh air, but some suspected a desire to have someone to talk to was an added motive.

At a later date, there was a small, dark pony that cropped the grass in the "Bolton's Euclid Avenue pasture," apparently devoted to and always keeping close beside the big yellow cow, also pastured there. People wondered why he kept so near, just lapping her hind quarters, till we discovered that the clever little chap got the benefit of all her tail switching and was using her as a perambulating fly swatter.

Mr. C. C. Bolton writes, in part, as follows: "Replying to yours of the 12th, would say that originally old Giddings Avenue was merely a lane from Euclid Avenue south to what is now Central Avenue. Later it was opened up north from Euclid Avenue and I should imagine this was somewhere about 1860 to 65. Giddings Avenue south from Euclid to Cedar (this was before what is now Carnegie was opened) was a deep, sandy road crossing quite an elevation about half way between Euclid and Cedar, and the road north was only opened originally from Euclid to what is now Hough Avenue.

The Giddings Brook did cross Euclid and was quite a stream, the bridge over this stream on Euclid being merely a wooden affair with a separate wooden bridge for pedestrians. Nearly every spring this stream would rise suddenly and often overflow the banks, flooding Euclid considerably west of our old homestead. Later a culvert was put across Euclid, obviating the necessity of the wooden bridges, and my recollection is that this culvert was built sometime in the '60s."

Eastward from Doan Brook there were four more streams crossing Euclid Road, including Euclid Creek. The first one beyond Doan Brook was the Dugway, now a trickling stream through Lake View Cemetery. At one time it must have carried a greater volume of water, as years ago, the Beers' Mill was a little north of Euclid on this brook.

Next beyond the Dugway eastward is the brook that comes down through John D. Rockefeller's Forest Hill property. Searching to find its name, I finally learned through the kindness of my friend, Miss Sarah Sambrook, that until it reached Euclid Road, it was at different points called Minor Creek, then Haycox Quarry Creek, Duffy Creek, and at last, after crossing Euclid Road, it became Eddy Road Creek, and so continued to Lake Erie.

Still farther, toward the rising sun, is the Nine Mile Creek, so called because its crossing of Euclid Road, near the old tannery site in Collamer, is just nine miles from Cleveland's Public Square.

And farther beyond, last but not least, is Euclid Creek, still quite a stream, where it crosses Euclid Avenue at Euclid Village.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE SHAKERS

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

—Revelation 12:1.

THE SHAKERS, who had three villages in Warrensville, were frequent and interesting visitors at the Corners, where they came to the post office and sold at Dan Hildreth's store and to villagers their products, consisting principally of brooms and flour, both excellent in quality and much in demand by village housekeepers. Being industrious and enterprising, they had at their various villages established a tannery, a woolen mill, a sawmill, a grist mill and other useful industries.

We had pleasant and friendly acquaintance with these Shaker brothers and sisters who came from time to time to trade and barter. Quiet, gentle people they were, in their quaint costumes of gray, white and dull blue, the men wearing broad-brimmed hats and the women poke bonnets. They were intelligent and keen traders, but honest and reliable in every way.

Charlie Cairns has pleasantly referred to these people in his excellent letter. People from the Corners often drove out on Sunday morning to attend the Shaker meeting. The service was

peculiar and interesting—with the sisters on one side and the brothers on the opposite side of the church, joining in an occasional devotional dance. Ann Lee, founder of the Shaker sect, was a native of Manchester, England, where, because of her wild and radical statements and claims, she was, for a time, confined in a madhouse. Coming to America in 1774, she called herself "Ann, the Word," and also claimed to be the "Woman clothed with the sun," referred to in Revelation 12:1. In 1776 she established the first Shaker Society in America at Watervliet, near Albany, New York. She was of great physical strength and of much mental ability, but had been saddened and shaken by great sorrow, having lost four children in their infancy.

Another settlement was established at Mount Lebanon, New York, in 1787. From Mount Lebanon came the missionaries who, in 1822, founded the North Union Society in Warrensville. Ralph Russell and his brothers, Elisha and Rodney, became Elders of this Society. Ralph was an efficient leader and donated to the Shakers a large tract of land, but for some reason he soon became dissatisfied, leaving the community and going to live on his farm in Solon. His brothers, however, continued their connection, and it was said that seventeen Russells were Elders and leaders in the Society during the continuance of this North Union organization. Called by the outside world the Shakers because of the shaking dance at their religious services, they called themselves "The Millennium Church of United Believers." They were not only interesting as being among the pioneers on the Western Reserve, but also as being an actually communistic society, all lands, goods and money being held in common ownership, and they were also remarkable as at that early date they believed in the absolute equality of the sexes, both as to ownership of prop-

erty and government of the community. Pacifists they were and during the Civil War did not volunteer and refused to fight when drafted. Consequently, they were in some sections subjected to abuse by mobs of their patriotic and more belligerent neighbors. They were not believers in marriage, all living a strictly celibate life, so, as there were no children, their numbers gradually decreased, in spite of the occasional accession to their ranks of an individual or a family by conversion to their faith. Abuses crept in, as lazy and unworthy persons joined them merely to obtain a temporary or permanent home in their comfortable and well provided community houses. Thus, their morale was gradually destroyed as the fine, old, original stock of the Russells, Rileys, Thayers, Ingalls, Curtises, Cramers and others died out, until, at last, few in numbers and those all elderly persons, this North Union Society was disbanded and the members scattered to other Shaker communities. Their fourteen hundred acres of land, with fine groves and broad meadows, with beautiful lakes between, are now covered by lovely homes and the wonderful improvements of the Van Sweringen wizards.

In religious belief, the Shakers agreed in some ways with the Quakers, from whom they were originally an off-shoot. They believed in God and that everyone would be saved. They did not believe in the resurrection of the body, but rather that the spirit, having left the body, is done with it forever. They believed in direct revelation by the Holy Ghost to those who were purified and exalted by grace. As to rules of life, they used neither liquors nor tobacco, nor ate meat or fish. They enjoyed excellent health, as a rule living to a good old age, and it is said were not subject to cancerous affections. Notwithstanding their limitations as to diet, they lived well, and their table was rather famous for its

Old Shaker Grist Mill.—Courtesy Mrs. Ida T. Ford.

abundance of good food. They were a hospitable people, as "Met" Gale and I knew on our berry-picking excursions, when hot, tired and hungry we appeared about lunch time at the "Mill village," to be served with most delicious berry pie and rich milk from that cool spring house, by the kindly, gentle Shaker sisters, who, I think, must have been much amused at our very timely arrival, and the appalling appetites of growing boys, that were in evidence.

Merrit Foquet Gale, otherwise "Met," was a little younger than I, but as we were about the same size and had the fellow-affliction of great mops of vivid red hair and many freckles of assorted sizes, shapes and shades, we ranged much together, and having the restless, tireless temperament that seems to go with that color scheme, we sometimes wandered long distances and sought mild adventure where it might be found.

If off the home reservation it was usually best to go in pairs, especially if "up on the hill" you ventured into "Turkey Ridge" or "Heathen Ridge" territory, for some of those boys up there were tough, and I mean tough, and certainly no one at all sensitive liked to hear yells of "red-head" and "freckle-face" when encountering groups of those lively lads. It somehow seemed quite personal and intended to provoke war. However, "Met" and I were rather well teamed up, as he was a fierce fighter in covering a retreat (and later, as a young man, a very clever boxer, but never quarrelsome), while I was a fast runner, but would fight and show considerable action if cornered. Those were the days!

What were the life of man did we not combine
present events with the recollections of past ages?
—Cicero.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE QUARRY RAILROAD

IN the excellent letter written me by my friend, Mr. L. D. Brockway, now eighty-eight years old, which will be found on another page, is mentioned the railroad, built for the purpose of transporting stone and wood from the quarries and forests on the Ridge, also some other facts about this road. It was, undoubtedly, the first railway of any sort coming into Cleveland, and as it came through and past Doans Corners, it is of special interest to us in this story of the Corners. The old Railroad Hotel, once the Billings Tavern, built at what is now the corner of Euclid Avenue and 101st Street, and probably at first a Stage Coach Inn, was later used for the accommodation of the railway employees and passengers. Some have said that this Railway Hotel was the western terminus of the railway, but it seems the track was eventually continued to the Public Square. Orth & Keller's History of Cleveland says that: "On the 3rd day of March, 1834, the Legislature incorporated the Cleveland & Newburgh Railway Co., with authority to construct a railroad from some point in Lot 413 Newburgh Township to the Harbor in Cleveland, for the purpose of transporting freight and passengers by the power and force of steam, animals or other mechanical force, or by a combination of them both." The line was built from the stone quarries to the Public Square, where its depot was the barn of the Forest City House, located where the

Cleveland Hotel now stands. The track was laid along the roadway of Euclid Road across Doan Brook near where the College Buildings now stand—to the quarries. The rails were of wood and two horses driven tandem hauled the rude cars that made two trips a day. The line was abandoned after a few years.

George F. Marshall once told the Early Settlers' Association of his personal experience with and knowledge of this railway, saying: "Speaking of railroads, we had an unmistakable one in our midst which is worthy of more than a passing mention. The Cleveland & Newburgh Railway was an accomplished fact, had its day, carried its loads of human freight and bluestone combined, yielded up its dividends and the ghost simultaneously. The western terminus of that road was in the southwest corner of the Public Square and its eastern was in the midst of the bluestone of the Shaker Brook at Doans Corners. The line of its route was directly through Euclid Avenue, and a single passenger coach carried all of its human freight that sought transit. One horse was quite enough for any carload, and we prided ourselves that we had a street railroad. The rails were of the stately forest oak." The statement that it was the first railway of any sort for our city is made advisedly, as the time of its construction was in 1834 or 35, and the first steam railway coming to Cleveland was the Cleveland, Columbus & Cincinnati. The very first locomotive to appear in our city came in over the unfinished tracks of that railway on November 3, 1849, long after this quarry road had been built, operated and discontinued.

The first through train from Columbus arrived in Cleveland on February 21, 1851, when the newspapers announced that Cleveland was now in railway communication "with the outside world." The first coal burning locomotive came to the Forest

City over the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railway on June 4, 1856.

As the Railroad Hotel used by the Quarry Road was for many years after 1846 the home of our family, and was the house in which I was born, I, of course, was familiar with this structure, which had a brick oven in its cellar kitchen, and six or eight fireplaces in its living rooms. The great barn which stood towards the rear of our large lot had been used for the horses that hauled the cars of stone and other freight over this, the earliest railway in Cleveland. In our day, besides stabling our horses and a cow, it made an excellent rainy day resort and gymnasium for the boys of the neighborhood. The first bicycle at the Corners, one of the high ones owned by Ed Hurlbut, was practiced on and tumbled from on the rough floor of this old structure.

This most interesting and enlightening letter was in response to my inquiry received from Mr. Charles C. Hogen, now retired, but for many years with The Standard Oil Co. Mr. Frank G. Hogen, his brother, being the very able and efficient Director of our Cleveland Public Schools. Both of them were Doan Street boys, of "the middle ages."

"My dear Charles:—

Answering your letter of April 2nd. My wife (Mrs. Susan Gale Hogen) has no recollection whatever of the old quarry railroad and does not recall hearing her people talk about it. However, I can distinctly recall in my time the old road bed across the Gale pasture and the old barn which stood on the Gale farm was where the horses were kept. The most I ever learned about the old railroad was from Ed Doan. He told me that the road ran from the quarries to a point on Euclid Avenue about where the Masonic Temple now stands. The cars would run by gravity from the

quarries down onto Euclid Avenue, from which point horses would haul them to the western terminal and from there back to the quarries.

I never heard just when this was, but it was probably in the thirties or forties.

Martin Gale and Uncle John Walters came to Doans Corners in 1833. In 1834 Father Gale went back to Plattsburgh, N. Y., and brought Mother Gale and Baby Henry out.

Very truly,

C. C. Hogen."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE THREE CHURCHES

Oh Lord and master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

—Whittier.

IN the early days at the Corners, the three churches were not only the homes of religious life, but were, as well, the centers of most social activity and so became gathering places for many village events. These churches being of such paramount importance, no story of the Corners would be complete without historical mention of each. In securing needed data for such record, I have been most graciously assisted by, and am greatly indebted to, the pastors and secretaries of the various denominations. The excellent history of the Christian Church was kindly written for me by Mr. Howard Spangler.

EUCLID AVENUE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

"The Euclid Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church had the honor of being the *third* Methodist Church in Cleveland.

Under three names has the history of this church been made: First, as the Doans Corners Methodist Episcopal Church; then as the East Cleveland Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1884

Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, N. W. Corner Euclid Road and Doan Street.—Courtesy Cleveland Public Library.—McMichael Collection.

it was first known as the Euclid Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. Of four Conferences has it been a member through its many years. At first from 1831 our Cleveland Churches were a part of the Pittsburgh Conference. In 1837 we entered the Erie Conference. In 1876 we were made a part of the East Ohio Conference and from 1912 we have been a member of the North-East Ohio Conference.

The first Methodist Church Class was organized at Doans Corners in 1827 by the Reverend John Crawford, with twenty-one members as follows: Aaron Hubbard, leader, and wife, James Sawtell and wife, Israel Hubbard and wife, Ellen Collier, William Mitchell and wife, Samuel Bond, Harriet Slate, Oliver Marshall, Anna Cozad, Philinda Gould, Timothy Hurlbut and wife, Florilla Searls, Nathan Smith and wife and Samuel Harris and wife.

They met at the home of Aaron Hubbard; those at Doans Corners traveled thither up the present 79th Street from Euclid Road to Kinsman over an Indian trail through the woods. (Quoted from early record.) This was a long, hard way through snow and storm, so meetings were soon held in the old frame schoolhouse on Fairmount Street and continued to be held there until 1829. During this year the stone schoolhouse was built near the old burying ground lot just north of Euclid Avenue and a little west of 105th Street and was used as the place of meeting. In 1831 a permanent Methodist Class was formed at Doans Corners by the Reverend Milton Colt. This comprised thirty persons and became the actual foundation of the Euclid Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. These members were: Samuel Eddy and wife, John Sherman and wife, Rebecca Holiday, Oliver James and wife, Alonzo James and wife, Debby Alber, Jacob Dilley and wife, John Welch and wife, Simon Wallace and wife, Susan Gale,

Nelson Decker and wife, Mr. Hudson and wife, Mary Walters, Sophia Watkins, Timothy Watkins and wife, Sally McIlrath, Mrs. Phillips, Samuel House and wife and Joel Jones.

The first Quarterly Meeting was held in John Doan's barn in 1834, and the second in James Sawtell's cooper shop in 1835.

All this time the old stone schoolhouse sheltered this growing band of Christian people, and did so until 1837, when the first church building of the Doan Street Methodist Episcopal Church was dedicated to the worship of God. It was a frame building, painted white, and was located on Doan Street, north of Euclid Avenue."

This building is still in existence, being used as a shop on rear of a lot farther north on Doan Street, now East 105th Street.

Mrs. Victoria Walters Jones, a lifelong member of this church, has said: "My grandmother, Mrs. Susan Walters, a widow, came here from Plattsburgh, New York, in the early days of the church and handed in her letter at once, remaining a faithful, active worker in it until a few weeks before her death in October, 1870, in her ninety-third year. Her descendants to the fifth generation are in the same church today. My mother, Mrs. Mary A. Walters, was a charter member and my father, Benjamin C. Walters, joining it some years later.

In the old days when there were oyster suppers, the women of the church prepared the food in the cellar (without floor), and carried it up a ladder to those above.

When younger members of this Doans Corners church wished an organ for the new church, some of the elders considered it unnecessary and even sinful, one elderly brother saying: 'I have been able to worship God all of my life without any creaking accompaniment, and don't want any now.' However, he was

overruled by the majority and gave his share toward the new organ."

Our family knew well several of the old-time Methodist pastors. The Reverend Mr. Maltby and family were our near neighbors, and we were all saddened when during his pastorate that good man died. Another Methodist Episcopal Clergyman, the Reverend Thomas Guy, was an Irishman of fine presence and was a fluent pulpit orator. We were schoolmates of Tom, Sam, Will and Mary Jane Guy and were sorry when that lively family had to move on to another assignment.

The church up to the time of its union with the Epworth Memorial Church had occupied three buildings: the first before described on Doan Street, the second a brick structure on the site of the original church building and the third a stone church at the corner of Euclid and East 93rd Street.

Personally, I remember all three of these buildings occupied by the church and recall incidents at and in connection with the old or first church building. At the prayer meetings, Elders John Hanley, Samuel House, Simon Wallace and a few others of the faithful sat in the "Amen Corner" and their sincere "Amen" and "Glory to God" were loud and fervent when some brother gifted in prayer was on his knees. Brother Simon Wallace, one of the most fervent in prayer, had set phrases often used, and when he called upon the Deity, "Oh, Lord, strip us for the race and harness us for the battle, oh, Lord, we pray thee," the "Amens" and "Bless the Lords" ascended in a chorus, till the united volume of sound was easily heard in the street even at a considerable distance.

The cellar or sub-kitchen of the church, spoken of by Mrs. Victoria Jones, had an opening into the rear yard of the church

premises. Some of the village boys once captured an old black sheep that strayed about the streets and putting him through this opening into the cellar, fastened him in, and his loud and continued baaing was, as intended, most disturbing to the good people of the prayer meeting going on above.

THE EUCLID AVENUE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The Euclid Avenue Christian Church was organized October 7, 1843, with twenty-eight charter members, seventeen of whom had been granted dismissal by the Collamer Church of Euclid, now East Cleveland, to engage in the new enterprise. A meeting held in a grove on Doan Brook, just south of the present University Circle, under the leadership of Alexander Campbell, was the immediate motive that prompted the organization. The first meetings were held in the homes of the members. Later, the schoolhouse was used until 1849, when the congregation opened its first house of worship, which stood on the public grounds of the village, near the schoolhouse. Resident pastors were unknown to this little band. Monthly or fortnightly visits of ministers from neighboring towns were occasions of note. On other Sundays, some member of the congregation presided at the Lord's Table and edified the members with a Scriptural exposition. Many of these visiting preachers were the leaders in the Restoration Movement, as the efforts of the Disciples were then called, who brought to the young congregation much of the warmth and fervor and enthusiasm engendered by the rapid spread of the Movement throughout the Western Reserve. The necessity for activity by the local members was a disguised blessing—a strong and vigorous lay leadership being developed.

Through financial stress and under many difficulties the devo-

Reverend J. H. Goldner,
Pastor Euclid Avenue Christian Church since 1900.

tion and loyalty of the pioneers to their faith loses nothing in comparison with that of present-day churchmen. Those who could not make a financial contribution threw open their forests and quarries to provide material for the new church. Their own labor was also freely contributed. Thus presiding at the Lord's Table on Sunday, hewing and hauling and building during the week, they laid a foundation of sufficient strength to carry any superstructure that the future might demand.

Thus, for a score of years, under the faithful leadership of its own elders, and encouraged and counseled by visiting ministers, the congregation carried on. The first resident pastor began his work in 1864. The early pastorates were of brief duration, none extending over two years.

In 1867 a second house of worship was erected on the site now occupied by the present edifice. It was a beautiful Gothic structure that served the congregation until 1908, when the growth of the membership called for more commodious accommodations. The Green Stone Church's corner-stone was laid in 1906 and the completed building dedicated on Easter Sunday, April 12, 1908.

On the first of January, 1872, with the coming of Rev. Jabez Hall as pastor, there began an era of growth in membership and spiritual power that has continued to the present day. For nearly seventeen and one-half years this cultured, courteous and devout Christian gentleman ministered to this congregation. The impress of his gentle spirit still abides. Following the two years' pastorate of Rev. A. N. Gilbert, and the ad-interim pastorate of Rev. A. A. Knight, Rev. J. Z. Tyler assumed the leadership of the church. For eight and one-half years he builded upon Mr. Hall's work, until failing health compelled his retirement on December 31, 1899.

For a full quarter century following his retirement he silently

preached to his former parishioners and friends, having become a living sacrifice to the cause he loved and which he had served so sacrificially, cared for in his helplessness by a most devoted wife.

Rev. Jacob H. Goldner, the present pastor, succeeded Rev. Mr. Tyler on January 1, 1900. Rev. Mr. Goldner brought to his task youth and strength, godliness and faith, efficiency and tact, all of which were consecrated to unstinting service. During his pastorate this church has enjoyed its greatest numerical growth, increasing in membership from 391 to 2000. This rapid increase in membership has brought new and enlarged opportunities and responsibilities requiring additional pastoral leadership. A staff of five full-time workers now directs the varied activities of the congregation. Mr. Howard Spangler came to the church February 1, 1912, as general secretary, later becoming the pastor's associate. The pastor and his associate have been working together for eighteen years, a longer period than any other two pastors in the city, and perhaps achieving a record that will rank among the longest of like associated ministries in the country. Miss Hazell D. Brown has been general secretary of the church since November 1, 1919; Miss Martha Roudebush, office secretary since March 1, 1925; and Mr. Ben Holroyd, director of education since September 1, 1927. The congregation's growth under Rev. Mr. Goldner's leadership has not been confined to members alone. Its spiritual growth has kept pace with its numerical growth and every good work finds ardent supporters among its members.

Under the inspiring and encouraging leadership of their pastors, the men and women have always entered most heartily and effectively into the various activities of the church. The strength of its laity is one of the outstanding characteristics of this church.

As pastors, the Reverends Hall, Tyler and Goldner led it for

fifty-six of the eighty-six years of its history. They form a triumvirate that is the congregation's pride and the veritable cornerstone of its power and influence. Under Mr. Hall a young people's prayer meeting was conducted that antedated the Christian Endeavor Movement by a dozen years. Mr. Tyler continued the emphasis upon the work among the youth until it attracted nation-wide attention. In Mr. Goldner the young people have found an invaluable friend and counselor. These three pastors, each in his own way and by his own personality, developed and stressed three fundamental elements. They are: prayer, preaching, and personal work.

The growth of the Euclid Avenue Christian Church has been steady and substantial, with perfect co-operation between its pastors and its membership. Its ministries have been world-wide. More than a dozen of its young people have given themselves to Christian and philanthropic service, either in the home land or on the foreign field. By its gifts to Missions it has led the churches of its communion six times in the last ten years. Every local movement for advance and uplift finds support in this congregation.

EUCLID AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

As early as 1826 Mrs. Sallie Cozad Mather, sister of Andrew, Samuel and Elias Cozad, started a Sunday School in her home, which stood where now is the Euclid Avenue entrance to the College for Women. This little Sabbath School, consisting of three Mather children and a few children of the neighborhood, was the first organized in East Cleveland and one of the earliest in Cuyahoga County. This school, and others, that at nearby points grew out of it, finally crystallized and became permanent when in 1841 Jarvis F. Hanks, Horace Ford and Horatio C. Ford started a

Sabbath School in the old stone schoolhouse on Euclid Road, a little east of the present 101st Street. As an outgrowth of this school came the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, when on November 30, 1843, in the old schoolhouse, its predecessor was organized as the "Presbyterian Church of East Cleveland." Although eighteen of the nineteen charter members were of the Congregational faith, one of the sisters, who was a determined Presbyterian, prevailed, and so the church became Presbyterian in name. The founders were:

Cyrus Ford
Clarissa Ford
Horace Ford
Horatio Ford
Samuel Cozad
Hetty Ann Cozad
Elizabeth Walters
Edwin Cowles
Elmira M. Cowles
Johnathan Bowles
Samuel W. Baldwin
Lydia Baldwin
Julia Baldwin
Rhoda Clark
Cornelius Coakley
Harriet Coakley
Jarvis F. Hanks
Charlotte Hanks
Romelia L. Hanks

At the meeting for organization the Reverend S. C. Aiken, of the Old Stone Church, presided, aided by the Reverend C. S. Cady.

In 1862, because of a difference with the very conservative Presbytery in regard to the then vital question of slave holding, the church became an "Independent Presbyterian Church," and later still changed to the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church. In 1846, after much self-denial and hard work on the part of the devoted members, a fine brick church at the corner of Euclid Road and Doan Street (105th Street) was erected, some working out their subscriptions at a wage of fifty cents per day, while others who could do so contributed freely both material and labor without charge. This old church was really beautiful architecturally, with its brick walls, stone trimmings, fine lines and a graceful

belfry, which was taken down when the bell was removed to the new brick church at Euclid Street and Logan Avenue (96th Street), where it still hangs, in the belfry of the present stone structure, a mute survivor of the earlier days when it rang for services and tolled for deaths.

Unfortunately there seems extant no picture of the building showing the structure complete with belfry which added so much to its symmetry.

An old Directory of this, our church, compiled in 1874 by Charles A. Post, clerk, and Frederick L. Tuttle, treasurer, shows that there was then a membership of four hundred and fifty-six persons and enrolled in the Sunday School were four hundred and one names, a proportion far from equaled in these days.

At that time Reverend J. E. Twitchell was pastor. There were then still in the membership seven of the charter members or founders—Horace Ford, Horatio C. Ford, Samuel W. Baldwin, Lydia Baldwin, Harriet Coakley, Elizabeth Ingersoll and Hettie Ann Bennett, all gone to their reward long since. There were also, at that time, of the old families on the church roll, eighteen Fords, sixteen Cozads, two Doans, seven Talbots, seven Posts and three Dutys. It is sad to note that in the Year Book for 1929 the names Cozad, Doan and Talbot did not appear, and there were but twelve Fords, one Duty and three Posts.

The pastors we have known were the Reverend Charles W. Torrey, who with his fine face and gray beard seemed to me like a prophet of old. Kindly Mrs. Torrey was teacher of the infant class when I entered it. Then came Reverend A. D. Barber, a spiritual, devout and gentle man, whose son Amzi years later became the millionaire "Asphalt King." After Rev. Mr. Barber came Reverend A. M. Richardson, rather small of stature, who had

been a missionary in Jamaica. Succeeding him came Reverend J. E. Twitchell, of fine pulpit presence and a magnetic speaker, through whose labors many men of various ages were brought into the church. Reverend H. M. Ladd followed him. Fresh from a mission field, Dr. Ladd was a man of enthusiasm, with a great capacity for friendliness, an organizer and a builder, who with such faithful workers as S. C. Hale, Charles M. Preston, B. F. Whitman, J. W. Moore and others planned and builded outlying Sunday schools and branch churches that are now independent and flourishing.

Following Dr. Ladd came the Reverend Caspar Wistar Hiatt, the man eloquent, whose pastorate seemed all too short, and who, as pastor of the American Church in Paris, during the World War, ministered to and was known and admired by many men of many nations. Reverend Doctor Charles E. Burton came next for a short but successful incumbency. And so we come to the present minister of this church, the Reverend Ferdinand Q. Blanchard, with a pastorate already remarkable for its length and accomplishments.

As indicative of the spirit of high mutual regard between church and pastor, I quote a short letter, which appeared in the Church Greeting on the 15th Anniversary of his arrival:

Church Study, February 9, 1930

My Dear People:—

With this Sunday the fifteenth year since I entered upon the work of the pastorate of this church is completed. It is a longer term of service than any one of my predecessors was privileged to render. May I presume, therefore, to note the passing of the anniversary by a word of profound gratitude to those now of the

membership and to those "immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence" and with whom we have lived and worked in the days that have gone. For the freedom to speak the truth as God has given me to see it, for the patience with which differences of outlook have been met, for the considerateness which has marked all dealings with my family and myself through these many years, and for the loyal and devoted support of our common task in every changing experience, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you."

Faithfully yours,
Ferdinand Q. Blanchard

In the early days of this church it was quite an event when a clergyman from "The City" came to speak from its pulpit. Of those visitors I recall hearing the Reverend Doctor S. C. Aiken, of the Old Stone Church; the Reverend J. M. Hoyt, a Baptist clergyman; the Reverend J. T. Avery, one of the founders of Plymouth Church, who was an evangelist, and a powerful, convincing speaker, and also the Reverend Doctor Wolcott.

During his summer vacations our mother's brother, the Reverend Asa D. Lord, from Columbus, Ohio, a Presbyterian minister, occasionally preached for this church.

Mr. George W. Crossette, whose life has at times been a very active one, he having seen service in the United States Navy and afterwards for many years as a railway official, is now at the age of 93 the oldest member of this church.

In the membership of the church there are now of the descendants of Cyrus and Clarissa Ford (charter members) three of the fifth generation: H. Clark Ford II, Andrew Ford and Thomas Windsor Ford. Of the descendants of Nathan and Laura Jane

Lord Post there are three of the fourth generation: Margaret May Russell, Florence Elizabeth Russell and Laura Virginia Russell.

Of those who years since supplied the pulpit of this church during the summer vacation time we have very pleasant memories of the Rev. Dr. Currier, a professor at Oberlin College, who so officiated for several years. Not only a recognized authority as a Bible student and expositor, he was as well a great reader along general lines. His sermons, always spiritual and entirely lacking in sensationalism, were often literary treats, as beside his well expressed original thoughts he quoted freely and most happily from the best ancient and modern writers of prose and verse.

I have written only about the men, not feeling worthy or able to tell of the great part taken by the women of this church and congregation in all its years of progress. I venture, however, to mention the Woman's Association, an organization of many years' standing and of wonderful accomplishment along lines spiritual, social, benevolent and financial; its very liberal contribution in all these departments being ever a noble challenge to the men and at times hard for them to equal proportionately.

Mrs. Julius King, now non-resident, and Mrs. James R. Post are two of the long-time members of this society. Mrs. Post is still active in the Association after a membership of fifty years.

Miss Helen E. Lusk, who was for many years the active and efficient church clerk and pastor's assistant, is now the honored honorary pastor's assistant.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

WOODWARD LODGE, CLUBS AND LIBRARIES

Behold how good and how pleasant it is
for brethren to dwell together in unity.
—Psalms.

IN 1875, when Woodward Lodge was founded, deriving its name from Charles Woodward, then Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, Doans Corners still retained many characteristics of its early village life and atmosphere, although it had been annexed to the city in 1872, three years before the foundations of great Woodward Lodge had been laid by nineteen loyal pioneer brothers of the craft.

The names of these charter members were George A. Bemis, Charles A. Ostrander, Hugh Buckley, Jr., L. B. Eddy, Elroy M. Avery, W. J. Bradshaw, C. S. Clark, A. H. Stone, H. P. Alvord, E. E. Gill, David Bixby, William A. Neff, George B. Hendershot, Clinton Hart, H. W. Harris, Charles D. Everett, M. B. Gary, D. H. Anderson and J. W. Francis.

Their first meeting was on March 4, 1875, when they gathered in a long and narrow room on the third floor over Casterline's Drug Store. Mr. Casterline having but recently erected the building had designed the third floor for the use of the lodge to be, and while now, in retrospect, the rooms seem to have been

restricted as to size, the quarters were then thought to be well planned and comfortable; but I distinctly remember that as we were gathered, seemingly just under the roof on the torrid July night when I took my third degree, it seemed very hot and I perspired freely. Even with their great hope and prophetic vision this small band of faithful and determined ones could have had no adequate conception of the wonderful Masonic edifice which was in the course of years to spring from the cornerstone of the organization which they laid on the eventful date given above. Now, fifty-five years later, this lodge of nineteen has grown to be the largest lodge in Ohio, with a membership of twenty-two hundred, and the name of "Woodward" has always stood for those things most commendable and progressive in Masonry. Its hospitality to visiting brothers of other lodges has been outstanding, and its excellent dinners on special occasions have become widely proverbial for their excellence.

The lodge occupied the quarters described above until January 1, 1893, when, with a membership of one hundred and eighty-five, it moved to quarters in the Wade Park Bank Building, on the north side of Euclid Avenue a little east of 105th Street, where it remained until the completion of its own fine temple, which Woodward proudly took possession of and held its first meeting in on November 14, 1906, with at that time a total membership of seven hundred and fifty-four. The new quarters were ample and commodious for the number at that date, but are now sometimes rather cramped for the uses of a great lodge of over two thousand members and the other Masonic bodies which meet within the walls of Woodward Temple.

While all brothers are familiar with the site of our Temple at 1949 East 105th Street, I, personally, can think of it as standing

where Edwards' peach orchard was, close beside the long lane with its double row of cherry trees, which ran from Doan Street down to the Reverend Mr. Edwards' home, which far back from the street was near where the Epworth-Euclid M. E. Church now stands. At the time of the orchard and the lane, Doan Street was a narrow, sandy village street, extending north only to its present junction with Ansel Avenue and southward only to Cedar Street. At one time the section of Doan Street south of Euclid Street was known as State Street and the northern part was called Church Street.

But one of the nineteen founders of the lodge is now living; he the "Noblest Roman of them all," Brother Elroy M. Avery, is now resident in Florida at the age of eighty-six. He is indeed the honored and respected Grand Old Man of our lodge. I once asked Brother Avery as to who first suggested and started the movement for the organization of this lodge. He answered promptly and emphatically: "George Bemis and Charlie Ostrander." This exactly coincides with the impression I have always had, and so, while we honor the names and memory of all upon the list of pioneer founders, the two who first conceived, acted upon the thought and gave it practical demonstration are deserving special mention and veneration. I knew them well and think it not out of place to describe them. They were near neighbors, Ostrander living on Ansel Avenue, opposite the present beautiful Jewish Temple, while the Bemis home was on Doan Street, about where the Christian Science Church now stands. These close friends were distinct contrasts in appearance and temperament, as can be imagined. George Bemis was a small man with brown hair, quick and active, and while always pleasant and agreeable, had a somewhat concentrated and determined

expression, walking on the street in a manner indicating that he knew where he was going and what was to be done when he got there. Charlie Ostrander, on the other hand, was a larger man, rather inclined to portliness and deliberate movement, always smiling and hail fellow, well met, in a dignified way, with everyone. He had a clear, ruddy complexion and was, perhaps, rather more popular, but not more respected, than was his friend and fraternal brother, George Bemis.

During its existence the lodge has been wise in the selection of its Masters. Fifty-two have presided since George A. Bemis was elected in 1875, including the present efficient and respected incumbent. So Woodward, with proud consciousness of its more than fifty years, looks back upon a record of teachings and practices of the highest order of morality, its influence in the community always having been for good and its benefactions many and timely. Now, strong in numbers, with the dignity of many years well spent, yet with youthful vigor, Woodward faces the future with steadfast faith, and high hopes of still greater and better things to come.

"Out of roots deep in the past it still
sends its branches far into the future."

CLUBS

Among the notable organizations having their inception at or near the Corners is The Conversational Club, which is now one of the oldest literary clubs in Cleveland. It was organized in the fall of 1879, having as signers of its original constitution Mrs. C. B. Lockwood, Mrs. Joseph Ingersoll and her mother, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Charlotte Yates, Mrs. E. C. Pope, Mrs. B. F. Powers, Mrs. M. G. Brown and Miss Charlotte J. Alleman. In 1929, at the

celebration of its Golden Anniversary, Mrs. B. F. Powers, one of its charter members, was in attendance. It is still a flourishing and progressive society. Following this came The Society of Art and History, which was organized in 1881 for the study of history pertaining to art, both ancient and modern. At its first meeting at the home of Mrs. W. H. Barriss the following officers were elected: Mrs. S. E. Stone, president; Mrs. S. G. Stair, vice-president; Mrs. F. A. Kendall, secretary and treasurer; work committee, Mrs. W. H. Barriss, Mrs. H. E. G. Arey, Mrs. Comfort Adams and Mrs. W. G. Rose, chairman of the entertainment committee. Mrs. Sarah Holden Bierce was a charter member of this organization and was also a member of The Conversational Club. This society is yet active and doing excellent work.

Another somewhat select and exclusive organization, of which little is heard but which has, in the nearly thirty-five years of its existence, done much interesting and worth-while work, is The Novel Club (originally the Classical Novel Club), still much alive, and having now, as ever, a waiting list of those seeking admission to its limited membership of thirty-five. Miss Elizabeth R. Cutter, now Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, mother of Mrs. Lindbergh, was one of the moving spirits in the organization of this club.

Mr. W. H. Torrance, who cooperated with her in the movement, was a bright, young Englishman from the Rugby experiment in America; Mr. Herbert Strong and Mr. Edward Cady being also among the earliest members, as were the Misses Jessie B. Jones, Mary Isom, Louise Cobb, Grace Wenham (now Mrs. Crowell), Diana Nash and a little later, Miss Adelaide Van Duzer, still an active member, and the late Miss Florence Little.

Mrs. J. J. Tracy, Mrs. Ida R. Pennington, the Orrs, the Dakes,

the Emersons, the Wasons, the Bushnells, the Cadys, the Cutters and other charming, brilliant people of those days made up a membership hard to be equaled at any time, and a joy with which to be associated. Mr. Murray, a delightful gentleman of the old school, an early and valued member, was a great reader of fiction and a clever critic. Yet always taking the characters of his story in a most serious way, he was ever laudatory of the good people (though dull), and frankly angry with the villains in a naive manner that was, at times, very funny. His occasional papers were, however, always thoughtful and most excellent. The late Professor Oliver Farrar Emerson helped with the first year's program and later wrote an introduction to a book the Club published in 1899. This rather beautiful volume contained, beside the introductory article by Professor Emerson (The Place of the Novel in Literature), eight papers selected from the readings of the first three years. They were: Les Miserables, by Edward Bushnell; Tristram Shandy, by Edward Hammond Cady; Tom Jones, by Morris William Croll; The Last Chronicle of Barset, by Miss Elizabeth Reeve Cutter; The Mysteries of Udolpho, by Mrs. Oliver Farrar Emerson; Diana of the Crossways, by Miss Diana Lilian Nash; Middlemarch, by Miss Clara Prentis Sherwin; and Notre Dame de Paris, by Mrs. Margaret Wright Wason.

The writer of these chronicles, who became a member of The Novel Club during its first year, had the privilege of helping to compile and publish this book, which was entitled, "The Novel Club Papers." I have a copy of this book and occasionally read over the papers, which still seem very bright and entertaining. Of the many delightful evenings, during the earlier years, two stand very clear in memory's light. One was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. George Dake, when, after the papers had been read and

discussion opened, Mr. Ed Cady, being in his best argumentative form (and that was good), was most positive and convincing in his opinions on characters in the book of the evening, until, making a slight slip, he had to admit on cross-examination (probably by Mr. Ed Bushnell) that he had never read the book. (Loud laughter.) Then, again, there was a memorable evening when I had the pleasure of entertaining the Club at the beautiful old Colonial Club House. Miss Diana Nash, an ardent Meredithian, read a fine paper on Diana of the Crossways, and the discussion which followed was outstandingly clever, as, when Elizabeth Cutter, Diana Nash, Jessie Jones, Adelaide Van Duzer, Florence Little, Mrs. Dake and others talked and argued (several at a time), sparks flew and the air was scintillant with epigrams, the chairman in despair, and mere men members were silently wondering and admiring.

LIBRARIES

Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther indoor or oute;
With the greene leaves whispering overhede,
Or the streete cryes all about.
Where I may reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.

—Old English Song.

"The Silent Magicians of the Shelves."

The coming of a library to our district school on Doan Street was an event that distinctly impressed me even at six or eight

years of age. The books were uniformly bound in leather, with the Ohio State Library stamp upon them. Among the volumes were "Two Years Before the Mast," "Life of Daniel Boone," "Swiss Family Robinson," "History of Marie Antoinette," "Sanford & Merton," "Blennerhassett's Island," etc. This was the first circulating library in East Cleveland and one of the earliest in what is now Greater Cleveland. It came in 1854 or 1856 from the Ohio State Library at Columbus in co-operation with the Ohio School Commission. My older brother was the librarian and books could be drawn on certain evenings only, two, perhaps, in each week. As nearly as I can determine, after considerable research, there were twenty-nine volumes that cost $15.00. In wonderful contrast to this humble beginning, I find that now there are within a radius of one mile from the site of the old Doan Street School about twenty Public, University and Institutional Libraries, with well over six hundred thousand volumes, and many private collections of note and distinction.

With the assistance of my friend, Mr. George F. Strong, Adelbert librarian, I had gathered much additional interesting and accurate data in regard to the libraries about the University Circle, which I had supplemented by securing some excellent and intriguing letters from the owners of choice and valuable private libraries in this same section. I had also gone farther afield, and learned something of the very early libraries of Ohio, only to find that we did not have space for this most interesting information in our comparatively small book. So, much of the material secured must be held in reserve for another possible occasion.

However, I must mention a wonderful collection and library owned by Doctor Dayton C. Miller, of Case School, of which few Cleveland residents know. Doctor Miller, beside being a scientist

of world-wide fame, still diligent in research and experiment, has, for years, ridden a hobby, which will, eventually, not only add to his fame, but enrich some museum and library in a way beyond duplication. Himself a flutist of ability, Doctor Miller has, for thirty years, been gathering from all over the world flutes and books about them, and other wind instruments, until his collection and the library pertaining thereto are absolutely unique. Not only are this collection and library more notable than any others of their sort in the world, but the library is actually larger than *all* others of its kind.

Recently The Cleveland Public Library has established a much needed branch at Doans Corners, near East 100th Street, with an entrance from Euclid Avenue, but set back from the din of traffic. With an open fireplace in the main room, the Library rooms are charming. Most fortunate has been the selection of the administration personnel of this library, from Miss Fairchild and Miss Harkness, the most efficient and helpful librarians, to those who, at the desk, make it rather a pleasure even to pay the fine for an over-due book. There are something over five thousand volumes at this branch library.

I close this short library section with a self-explanatory letter telling well an interesting story of a lost library of pioneer times, which Gordon Thayer had mentioned to me.

Dear Mr. Post:—

Answering your letter of yesterday, the incident to which Mr. Thayer refers doubtless relates to the Olmsted Library.

About 1820 there was a township in the western part of this county called Lenox, which was a very unsettled community in the woods. About that time Professor Charles Olmsted, of Yale

College, was interested in the Connecticut Land Company and he had some interests in the township of Lenox. He offered to give the township a library if it would change its name from Lenox to Olmsted. The trustees of the township voted to make this change and he sent out the library, consisting of something more than a thousand volumes. These books were sent out "overland," coming by wagon, and to protect them against storms heavy paper covers were put upon each volume before they left Connecticut. When they arrived they were badly soaked with rain nevertheless, most of the volumes being stained though not destroyed by bad weather. They had no library building, and the books were taken into the house of one of the trustees, and from time to time passed around to other people.

There being no library organization to take care of the books, they finally became badly scattered. They were mostly subjects of little value or interest to a frontier community and finally, about 1845, the entire library had disappeared.

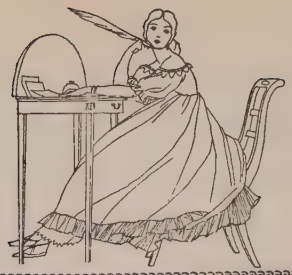
About fifty years later a remnant of this library was found in the attic of an old house. This attic had been closed in for many years and it was not known that there were any books in there. I personally made the discovery while looking for something else and as there was no one to claim them I kept them for many years in the original box in which they were found and finally lost sight of them myself in moving. About three years ago I found them, and the North Olmsted Branch of the County Library having been then established, I presented the fifty-one volumes to that library, where they are now kept. They are still in the original paper covers which were put upon the books before they left Connecticut in 1822, and all show signs of having been caught out in the rain.

I believe this is the story of which you are in search, and to which you refer in your letter.

Yours very truly,

A. A. Stearns

P.S. My own family lived in Olmsted and I was born there. The story of the migration of the books was told me by "Uncle" John D. Taylor, an old resident of Olmsted, who died about 1895 (ninety years old), and who lived in Olmsted nearly all of his life and who was there when the books came. A. A. S.



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

ECHOES FAR AND NEAR

Should old acquaintance be forgot

IN a very interesting letter Captain Andrew R. Brott writes as follows: "I was born on Euclid Avenue, opposite the now 100th Street. My father, Jacob Brott, owned about one acre next to the old Streator home, where we lived for a number of years. Father was a wagon maker and at one time allowed some young men to have a chicken fight in his shop one evening. One of the birds was killed and there was much talk and scandal about the village in regard to the event. I remember the old Congregational Church, also the Disciple Church on the same lot. The Congregational Church in later years was used as a High School, which I attended up to the last year, but did not graduate. I wish I could recall other incidents and will keep on racking my seventy-nine-year-old brain for that purpose."

Mrs. Clara Ford Gould, of Indianapolis, has written me some most delightful letters in regard to the old days at the Corners from which I glean: "Among my memories are our school days at Sarah Post's private school, at the old R. R. Hotel, where, as a child, I was morally certain the underground railroad was located.

I also recall a ride on the old Toll Gate bar and getting valen-

tines at the Post Office in Hildreth's store, and that Mr. McIlrath, who kept the Toll Gate, not far from our home, gave to us girls the idea of a haunted house, as he was reported to have said: 'Horatio, we had two bodies come down the State Road last night in a lumber wagon with straw over them. It was two o'clock and by four o'clock in the morning they were shipped over the water safe. I call that good work for the underground railroad.' (The supposed bodies being live negroes escaped from slavery and on their way to Canada.)

Mrs. Jacob Dille, one of the sisters of the Methodist Church, was good-looking and jolly, and had a pleasant custom of giving a cookie or a doughnut to every child that visited her and a flower from her garden to take home to mother."

Of the stories of the much earlier days she tells of hearing that "There were beehives under the apple trees at her grandfather's home and the bees would, not infrequently, take a notion to leave, always at the most inopportune time, and would have to be coaxed back. Bee coaxing was a delight to the Ford boys, much more fun than ploughing or haying.

Later those boys attended the Shaw Academy, where they even built the fires to pay their tuition when Mr. Sturtevant was the school master."

And of a still earlier date she heard the tale of Samuel Cozad, Jr., who married Jane McIlrath, and settled on the east side of Doan Brook, and of their old log house and a spring house near by, to which one evening Mrs. Cozad (tall and stately—naturally so, she being a McIlrath) went to get slices of ham and salt pork for the next morning's breakfast. A pack of wolves must have scented the meat and chased her to the door of the home, where the men of the family coming to her rescue shot every one of the pack.

Dear Charlie:—

Euclid Avenue and 105th Street when I first knew it some seventy years ago was known as "Doans Corners," named after the original land owner through whose farm Doan Street, now 105th Street, was cut.

In visualizing the old corners where so many of my boyhood days were spent and where friendships were made that only seem to grow stronger as the years pass along, I can still see the old Congregational Church which stood on the northwest corner in what at that time was known as the Common. Next to it was the Disciple Church, now the Christian Church, at the corner of 100th and Euclid Avenue. Immediately in the rear of these churches stood the burying ground, which was afterwards moved to East Cleveland.

West of the Disciple Church and on the corner of Republic Street stood the Railroad House, used at an earlier time as a tavern and at that time occupied as a residence by the Post family. Standing in front of this old building was still to be seen the sign "Four Miles to Cleveland," considered a very long trip in those days. On the northwest corner of Euclid and Republic Street a family of the name of Cramer lived who had as a neighbor Dr. Streator, one of those fine men to whom the people of the Corners went for help and advice.

It is hard to realize that where now stands the Cleveland Trust Co. and the Alhambra Theatre once stood the two little churches which seemed to guard the little burying plot in back of them.

On the northeast corner of 105th and Euclid at that time was Hildreth's General Store, a meeting place on rainy days and evenings for the natives. Here old man Hildreth would read to them from the Cleveland paper which came out twice a week.

So satisfied was old Hildreth in his ability to read and interpret the news that good cash customers would be left standing without service until he had finished. Here, too, would stop the stage and discharge and take on passengers either for Euclid or Cleveland.

East of Hildreth's General Store stood a rye patch owned by a man of the name of Janes, which extended east to The Croton House, an old tavern which stood on the land now occupied by Fenway Hall. Between this old tavern and what is now the outer drive of Wade Park was a farm owned and worked by the Robert Harlow family, and what is now the pond in Wade Park was Uncle Sammy Cozad's brickyard. Uncle Sammy was characteristic of the shrewd business man of that time. He also operated the grist mill which acquired its power from Doan Brook.

On the southeast corner of 105th and Euclid lived Dr. Chipman, the family doctor of the Corners responsible for the health of every baby born, in which he seemed to have an interest. As a neighbor to the doctor we had a very fine man in Martin Gale, who lived in a brick house where Keith's Theatre now stands. Mr. Gale operated a stone quarry on what is now known as Shaker Heights.

Mr. Hildreth occupied the southwest corner; here he had established his home and immediately west was the village blacksmith and wagon shop which stood on the property now occupied by the Hoffman confectionery and bakery building. The next home was that of the legal light of the village, Squire Fuller, Justice of Peace.

On Doan Street there lived a number of families who were part of the Corners. On the southeast side in back of Dr. Chipman's home lived John Walters, the post master of the Corners, his office being in Hildreth's General Store, and the next home was

that of Rev. Torry, pastor of the Congregational Church; the parsonage was afterward the W. A. Neff home.

On the southwest side of Doan Street and in back of the Hildreth home lived Joe Barber, operator of a stone quarry located on what is now Shaker Heights. The Coakley farm adjoined this property and continued through Cedar Avenue to what is now Quincy Avenue.

In back of Hildreth's General Store, on the northeast side of Doan Street, stood the schoolhouse, originally a one-story stone building, which was burned and replaced by a two-story brick building containing four rooms, the welfare of the children being in the hands of the teacher, Henry Ford, and his assistant, Miss Julia Dawes, afterwards Mrs. N. L. Post. The school stood on the property now occupied by No. 10 Engine House.

Next to the schoolhouse came the Methodist Church, presided over by the Reverend Stocking.

Behind the churches and cemetery on the northwest side lived Sam Adams, lawyer and village legal light; then came the home of Stone Cutter Perry Hendershot.

The patriarch of the Corners was Col. Gardiner, who lived next to the Hendershot home and who had seen service in the war of 1812. Where Mt. Sinai Hospital now stands was the Nichols farm, which extended as far north as what is Hough Avenue today.

The only industry the Corners could boast of was the clock factory, which was bought by a Mr. Hoffman and converted into a brewery.

The wealthiest man in the Corners was Uncle Hymie Sherwin, a builder whose home stood on Shaker Road, now 107th Street, on the site of the present Cathedral Latin School.

ALONZO G. STAFFORD

The following are extracts from a very excellent letter from William H. Cozad, of Geneva, Ohio:

Dear Mr. Post:—

The family of Samuel Cozad, Jr., came with him from New Jersey in 1806. Their trip was made with ox teams through the unbroken forest. They settled in what was then East Cleveland on property extending from Doan Brook to Dugway Brook at Lake View Cemetery.

My grandfather, Samuel Cozad, Third, was son of Samuel C. Cozad, Jr. After his marriage to Mary Condit in 1815, they journeyed back to New Jersey for their wedding trip with an ox team. They were gone nearly a year, then returning to East Cleveland, they bought one hundred acres of land for about $500.00, this one hundred acres being now a part of Wade Park.

My boyhood home was at the intersection of Ansel Avenue and Doan Street, where I was born in 1855. I remember the first horse car that came out Euclid Street to the Shaker Road, now Fairmount Street, the fare being ten cents. The highway itself, in those days, was a plank road that ran from Euclid Creek to Perry Street, now East 22nd Street, with toll gates, one at a point a little east of Willson Avenue, one at Euclid and the old State Road (Lakeview), and one in Collamer, near the Nine Mile Creek. This plank road was built about 1845.

My grandfather relates that one winter, when the weather had been very severe, and their provisions very low, he started with a grist of grain to the nearest mill at Newburgh, finding on his arrival that it would take nearly two weeks before his turn would come. He then went to Willoughby, the next nearest mill, found a long line ahead of him waiting to be served, and he had to go on to Painesville, waiting there three days. By the time he got home

he had been gone nearly two weeks; the mother, in the meantime, having set the children to work with mortar and pestle to grind up corn and wheat with which to make their bread. Their log houses were anything but air-tight. Some winter mornings would find the floor and the beds covered with snow that had driven in during the night.

My grandfather used to relate that once when a boy he started out to find the cows, and up on the hill back of what is now the college grounds, he discovered a bear up a tree. Returning to the house for his father they procured a rifle and the boy was allowed to shoot the bear, which he did, bringing Bruin down with a bullet between his eyes.

In the basement of the Congregational Church were sometimes held the town meetings and the elections of East Cleveland, with sometimes great excitement.

At one time, in the early history of the Corners, before the churches came, Sunday was used principally as a day of sports, given up to horse-racing, dog-fighting, and even cock-fighting.

Having seen the great changes there, I still have a warm spot in my heart for Doans Corners.

W. H. Cozad.

My dear C. A.:—

I think, in placing me in the middle ages, you have been about right, for there are many to whom I can tell things that happened before their days, and there are those now living whose memory goes beyond mine, as, for example, you who must have been a gay young gallant of seventeen when I was born. Yet some of the things that linger in my earliest memory of those days may have been passed over by you, as they didn't make the impression upon your memory that they did on mine. For example, there is Jim

Wright who ran a tavern (Wright's Tavern), which was on the north side of Euclid, between 105th and 107th Streets. Its location is now occupied by the stores of Frank Potter and others.

Jim Wright was an Englishman, not the rotund and beef-eating type, but slender and immaculately attired in gray, as I recall him. His heavy gold chain with its seal and the octagonal fifty dollar gold coin that he carried as a pocket piece are still clear in my memory.

West of Wood's present store stood the grocery store that before my recollection belonged to my father, but which, in my memory, belonged to L. M. Comstock. The store was a typical country store with an uncovered platform across the front, up four or five steps above the sidewalk. A few wooden armchairs, supplemented by boxes of groceries, around the stove which stood in the middle of the store room, seated those who gathered there to discuss the current news and settle questions of state. A stairway led to the second floor from which a small room was partitioned. Here the Village Council met, of which my father was a member at this time, in sort of dingy quarters in which one would, in these days, rather expect to find plotters against the Government rather than those who were doing constructive work.

A plank road ran along Euclid Avenue at this time. At the northwest corner of Euclid Avenue and State Street (now East 105th Street) stood the old Congregational Church with its auditorium on the second floor. My memory of the services in this room is less clearly defined than of the ground floor and a certain maple sugar party that was held there. This must have been at about the time we ceased to drive to the Presbyterian Church downtown and cast our lot with the Congregational Church.

I am pleased that you have taken up the task of writing the

history of Doans Corners and if the above scrap of information, which I offer, is of any value, I shall be more than pleased.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK H. NEFF.

New York City, January 7, 1929.

Dear Charlie:—

I was very glad to receive your good letter of December 27th, as also to know that you were going to take up the gathering together of a little booklet on "Doans Corners of long ago."

I am enclosing herewith an old affidavit taken by me of George Watkins, on the 26th day of January, 1900, recounting some of the incidents of the early days when Cleveland was a hamlet of 175 inhabitants altogether. This affidavit of George Watkins is of interest as it was taken when there was still "Doans Corners," nearly forty years ago. It also tells about still earlier days. And, above all, it is from George Watkins himself, a well known character at Doans Corners, as you will remember.

I remember the old gentleman Watkins, then eighty-eight years of age, at the time I took the affidavit, coming down the stairs carrying a candle, for he would have nothing to do with such newfangled dangers as kerosene lamps or gas. He told me some things, at that time, that were pertinent to my family history, though not at all to the object of the affidavit which was to supply information in a suit to quiet titles about Water Street. At that time George Watkins said that my father, who was a little boy some ten years younger than he, was the only son of the Widow Remington, and lived in the log house on the corner of Giddings and Euclid Avenue, where he was born. This confirms my father's own statement to me when I was a boy.

I recall as one of the first things in my experience as a small

boy, standing opposite two grave diggers as they unearthed "Yorick's skull" from one of the old graves in the old cemetery that stood on the northwest corner of Euclid Avenue and Doan Street, before even the old tabernacle was built by Mr. Doan himself.

But there is no use in my rambling along, even to tell about how I was led astray whilst going to the Methodist Sunday School in the brick church at the Corners by Johnnie Quinlan, who suggested that before I went into the Sunday School I should play marbles "for keeps" with him. When we ended Johnnie had all my marbles and I had experience and a very poor conscience to take home to the Sunday chicken dinner, and no Sunday School either that day for me!

With best wishes for a long life and many happy returns of your birthday, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

HAROLD REMINGTON.

Lakewood, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Charlie Post:—

It certainly brought up pleasant memories to see your name at the bottom of your letter of July 30th, which came to hand this morning.

About all I know about Doans Corners goes back only to the early '70s, when my father and mother went to live on Bolton Avenue, now East 86th Street, and I attended the Bolton Avenue School, which was then part of the East Cleveland school system. At that time they had a plank road from Doans Corners to Cleveland.

In 1873 or 74 I raised the first crop of really *smooth* tomatoes that anybody ever raised in or about Cleveland. I purchased the

seeds from D. K. Bliss & Sons, at Springfield, Massachusetts, and at the rate of 25 cents for six seeds. I spent all the money I had in the world for tomato seeds at this rate. I rented what is now the southeast corner of 86th Street and Euclid Avenue and there grew a crop of these splendid tomatoes, which netted me the large profit of about $400.00 for my summer's work. This was really my first capital. I have never had less than $400.00 since. The lot was rented from Spencer Knight's father, Thomas Knight, who lived on Cedar Avenue.

It is certainly delightful to hear from you.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES LATHROP PACK.

John J. Phare, who was, in the early days, a small boy at the Corners, has written me a most interesting letter from New Port Richey, Florida, from which I quote the following interesting statements in regard to some of the English families at the Corners: "The Tottles, William and Benjamin, were natives of the County of Devonshire, England, arriving at the Corners about 1856, having been boyhood chums in old Devonshire with Thomas Phare, who came in 1853, John Phare in 1858 and William in 1867. William was a carpenter and afterwards janitor of the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church for many years.

The Cleaves and Blakemores were also English. In 1855 when my father with our family started for America, the ship was wrecked the night it sailed from Plymouth Harbor. My mother and three sisters were drowned, my father and I being among the comparatively few people saved. Two years thereafter my father and I came to Doans Corners direct from England, reaching there in October, 1858."

My dear Old Friend:—

At your request I will try to give you a few recollections of my early days about places, persons and incidents of Doans Corners.

I was born on the Brockway farm, July 2, 1842, and am now in my eighty-seventh year.

The farm now lies one-half mile on Cedar Avenue and one-half mile on Lee Road and contained 172 acres. My father purchased it in 1833 from Ben S. Welsh.

The first railroad house in Ohio was a trifle west of Doans Corners on the north side of Euclid Avenue on the Post's property. The line of the railroad was from Cleveland to the railroad house, from thence to the head of Cedar Glen and the Gale Farm, which farm extended from Cedar Heights to the Blackwell farm on Coventry Road. The timber on the Gale farm was chopped into four-foot wood and three cords loaded on each car, and the cars were started in the woods and ran by gravity on the down grade and to the railroad house before they stopped. Then each car was drawn by one horse to the city.

This road was constructed of 4 by 4 hardwood rails laid on ties.

The Croton House (hotel) (Wright House) was on the north side of Euclid about opposite the end of Fairmount Street and directly across Euclid from the end of Fairmount Street was the entrance to Robert Harlow's fruit farm, which is now a goodly part of the Park.

The Neffs owned a stone quarry on the south end of the Gale farm near Gale's Quarry. Dr. Boice had a fine residence on the southwest corner of Euclid and Fairmount Streets. The early day wagon makers of Doans Corners were Mr. Brott and Abner Hendershot. The latter was shot by Oscar Streator by mistake for a sheep-killing dog in Cedar Glen in the night. Streator had

been guarding his sheep in Gale's pasture, and returning home saw Hendershot lying beside the fence and mistook him for a dog. Streator was exonerated from blame.

Sylvester Silsby owned land on east side of Fairmount, about one-half mile from Cedar Street north, running east to Doan Brook (Blue Rock Springs). Across this farm the railroad ran and up Cedar Glen. Sammy Cozad, an eccentric person, lived in a large, square brick house, on Euclid Avenue near entrance to Wade Park. He owned a small horse with hair as curly as a nigger's wool and the boys called him "Sammy's sheep." Sammy used him in peddling apples, milk, etc.

Sammy was a very tall and muscular person and Mrs. Cozad was short and thick-set.

Mr. Edwin Fuller was the Justice of the Peace for many years.

L. D. Brockway.

Dear Mr. Post:—

I received your letter asking for something about the old days at the Corners.

Among my memories of Doans Corners is the one of the square brick schoolhouse on Doan Street where the Engine House now stands, across from the little old cemetery where two of my brothers were lying and near the Methodist Church.

It was a long walk from our home way out on Woodland Hills Road, but we carried our lunch and made a full day. My first teacher was a Miss Barber, whose people lived farther north on Doan Street. Then there was Miss Patrick and others after I had reached the big room where Mr. Henry Ford presided. There was a recitation room off from this big room where we went to our classes at different hours. I recall the garden Mr. Wright had near

the school where he kept rare birds, an eagle, peacocks, loons and many others. To us children it was a beautiful and mysterious place.

After school we often waited for the mail to be distributed, much to the annoyance of the postmaster, Uncle John Walters. I do not recall who kept the store where the office was at that time.

A man by the name of Hildreth kept a store at the corner of Doan and Euclid and lived in a brick house where the Hower-Langton block is now.

There are other places like your father's house and Mrs. Cramer's a little way beyond and the churches on the Common, but I cannot speak of them all.

These are a few of my recollections of the old days at the Corners and I hope they may be a help to you.

Yours truly,

(Mrs. F. P.) Clara Hudson Wood.

Red Bluff, California, December 3, 1928.

Dear Sir:—

I have yours of the 26th ult. In reply, I wish I could tell you something of interest relating to the early history of Doans Corners. My home until I was ten years old was on Euclid Avenue, at a point that we used to call "six miles from Cleveland." I will soon be eighty-six years of age. In 1862 I enlisted in the army and was discharged in 1864. I came to California in 1885 and am still actively engaged in fruit growing here.

As to Doans Corners, I know but little of interest, but I remember going through there about the year 1850 with my father on the way to Cleveland and frequently thereafter. Before the plank road was built, the road was very sandy and hard pulling.

You probably remember the old plank road with its toll gates. The gate nearest Doans Corners was tended by "Mike McIlrath," who was very deaf, a great talker and a politician.

As a boy in the '50s, I used to go to the Shaker Settlement with grists to be ground at their mill, going by the road which struck off south from Euclid, directly from the Corners.

I remember the Uncle Sammy Cozad place on the north side of Euclid Street, just east of Doan Brook. A brick house, the fire walls of which had never been finished. A board was laid on the top with the butt end of an old cannon to hold it down. The boys used to call the place "The Arsenal."

Wishing you success in your enterprise, I am,

Very truly yours,

Scott Doane.

My dear Charles:—

I was born in 1860 and our family moved to Branch Avenue, afterwards Logan Avenue, and now East 96th Street, in 1866.

Mrs. Allen O'Dell, then Minnie Kreiger, took me to school on Doan Street, now East 105th Street, where the engine house now stands.

Henry Ford taught the up-stairs and Mrs. Dr. Lukins our room.

At that time Chase's meat market was on corner of Doan and Euclid, with the East Cleveland hay scales in front of it.

Wright's Tavern was corner of 107th and Euclid. Mr. Harlow lived next door and had a pond full of gold fish in front of his house.

Dr. Chipman lived opposite Chase and the Bartlett home was across the street.

The Congregational Church and the cemetery were on the

other corner. Later the new church was built corner Euclid and Logan and Doan's Armory was built where Cleveland Trust Bank now stands.

Corner of 107th and Euclid stood the old Boice home and it is still there.

The old Gale home was next door. Comstock's grocery, Hovey's Block and other stores came later.

One day Abner McIlrath and Wm. Cozad came in from a hunting trip and dumped and sold a wagon load of wild turkeys, ducks, geese and rabbits from Hovey's sidewalk.

L. E. Holden lived where Case School now is and old Uncle Sammy Cozad built a fine home just opposite.

Soon after J. H. Wade bought up a lot of farms and made Wade Park, which he gave to the city.

When I first came there the horse cars only ran to Willson Ave., now East 55th Street; when they came out to Madison, now 79th Street, and ran once an hour we thought it fine.

I saw Euclid Avenue a plank road with toll gates on it and well remember our first Nicholson pavement.

When East High School was built, now Bolton School, we thought we were a town. East Cleveland was annexed to the city and they closed East High School as we only needed two High Schools and the new Central was built on 55th Street in 1879. My class was the first to graduate there.

For a year we walked that two miles to school and back.

Neffs, Posts, Fords, Cozads, Prices, Morris, Hurlbuts, Doans, Smiths, Harts, Streators, Walters, Cadwells, Pentecosts, Nichols, Slaghts, Watkins, Gills, Bemis, Hendershots, Rohs and a few others made up East Cleveland.

Halsey Doan, Horatio Ford, J. W. Clark and a few others were

the boy friends. No base ball, theatres or movies, and most of our amusements were our church socials.

I have seen East Cleveland, or now Cleveland, go through some changes in sixty years.

Yours truly,

ALTON H. SMITH.

My dear Mr. Post:—

I received yours of December 29th, and was very glad to hear from you. You have passed your eightieth milepost a little in advance of me and I wish I might have one hundred and two friends to call on me on my eightieth birthday. I congratulate you and hope you may enjoy many more birthdays.

I am so glad you are inspired to write about our old village life. Doans Corners was a wonderfully good place to live and if you could only find a picture of the old Wright House, with its fine row of elms and the circular fountain water-trough in front, surrounded by the thirsty horses, among which was the omnibus which made daily trips to Cleveland to carry the mothers of families on their annual and semi-annual shopping tours, it would be a most welcome picture; but this was before the kodak age and I am afraid you will not be able to find it.

As I look back I remember that it was a wonderfully pleasant, homey neighborhood, and the people were all our friends, interested in our welfare. One incident in my own child life I well remember. My home, you will remember, was on Newburgh Road, now 107th Street. I remember going into the house on my return from school, said to my mother: "Who has company?" Mother said: "Why, Mary, what do you mean?" I said: "A gentleman walked home with me from Euclid Avenue and talked with me all

the way. I did not know him; who has company?" Does not this show that we were really a very neighborly hamlet? This was along in the fifties.

I was married in '73. The following winter my sister-in-law, Rosa Burt Chadwick, was at the house and commenced to tell some little bit of gossip, nothing malicious, I am sure, because there was no malice in her. She looked up suddenly and said: "Is she any relative of yours? You are related to almost everyone in this village."

I am proud when I think that my father and mother spent most of their lives there. Father helped his father and brothers to dig and take the maple trees from the farm and plant them around the old church corner of Doan and Euclid. Mother made the coffee for all the suppers at the church until she received the name of the "Coffee Woman." The happiest years of their lives were spent there and I loved the old church, of which she was one of the twelve charter members.

I wish you success and joy in your work and I only wish that I might be of more assistance. When the account is finished, please see that a copy reaches me, and if in any way I can help you to forward the work, believe me I will gladly do it.

With kindest regards I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Mary I. Burt.

P. S.—Wish I could help more. My memory of my childhood home is so beautiful. I would like to emphasize what a simple, happy life we led, and I certainly thank you for writing me of your project and as I have said before, I wish you success.

M. I. B.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Post:—

I am responding to your request to write you a letter giving my boyhood recollections of Doans Corners. Upon looking backward through the long vista of intervening years, I visualize "Doans Corners" as being the center of the universe to my youthful eyes, for was it not from these self-same "Corners" that all activities of this section, then known as East Cleveland, radiated, and events of importance in the community were here localized? There were the stores, the schoolhouse, the church, and the graveyard to take care of the physical, educational and religious needs of this early community on the "Western Reserve."

On the northwest corner of Euclid Avenue and what is now 105th Street stood the Congregational Church. The building was patterned after the type of New England places of worship and was a familiar landmark for many years, but long since it was compelled to surrender this important location to the march of industrial progress.

My father and mother joined the Congregational Church soon after they came to East Cleveland from Scotland and I was baptized there by the Rev. A. M. Richardson, as were the other children in our family.

Later, during Dr. Twitchell's pastorate, his congregation gave him a trip to Europe and the Sunday evening services for a considerable period during the following winter were lectures on his trip abroad. These lectures I was forced to hear whether I desired to or not, for as a youngster I pumped the church organ and regular attendance upon the services was often more compulsory than willing.

However, the lectures were interesting and instructive and

created in me a desire to see something of other parts of the world, which yearning I have been able to satisfy to a considerable degree.

As if ringing down through all these years, I can still hear the tolling of the church bell to announce the passing from the world of some member of the congregation—one stroke for each year of life. This custom passed into history as the "Corners" assumed metropolitan ideas.

A short distance on Church Street north of Euclid and just back of where the fire engine house now is was the grade school. This was a two-story brick building which I believe is still standing, although shut in from the street. Here all the small children of the neighborhood mastered their "A-B-Cs" and the older ones studied "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic" to the tune of the hickory stick. The names of many of the teachers have passed from memory, but I do recall Mr. Henry Ford, Miss Francis Mosher, Miss Mary Ingersoll, Miss Alida Gale and Miss Dora House. The latter mentioned is especially recalled, as in looking over some old books quite recently I ran across a small volume entitled, "How Paul Became an Artist," and turning to the flyleaf I found the inscription, "Presented to Charlie Cairns as a reward for merit in spelling, by his teacher, Dora House."

I am sure the names of all these teachers are on the "Roll of Honor" as having contributed to the forming of character which developed good citizenship in after years on the part of those who began their education in the old brick school. Another teacher, although of a much later period, that I desire to pay tribute to was Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, whose husband was Superintendent of Schools just before we were taken into the city. She was a fine type of womanhood and beloved by all her pupils.

On the northeast corner of Church Street and Euclid Avenue was the village blacksmith and wagon shop, operated by Mr. Aumick. I can still hear the sound of the welding of the red-hot tires and the sizzling of the water as it was poured on them to cool them as they were being fastened to the rims of the wheels. I can also visualize the shoeing of horses and mules at the Rose smithy just beyond. With wondering eyes we used to watch these operations in going to and from school.

Dr. Chipman, who ministered to the health of the community, lived in a white frame house on the east corner of Euclid and Doan opposite the Bartletts. His little blue pills, the effects of which still linger in my mind, were a favorite prescription and a cure-all for evils that human flesh was heir to at that time. As I picture him now, he was rather tall of stature, had a kindly face and wore quite a long, gray chin-beard which was a familiar method of facial adornment for professional men at that period.

101st Street was then called Union Street and later on, when East Cleveland was annexed to the City of Cleveland, it was changed to Republic Street. This name was retained until the present system was adopted. On this street my family lived for a number of years until we moved to Chicago. The property which was purchased by my father still stands in the family name.

On the east corner of Union Street and Euclid was a long, rambling building where the Post family lived—the parents of Charles A. and James R. Post, who are now the only surviving members of one of the pioneer residents about the "Corners." Their house was originally built for a "Wayside Inn" on the main traveled road between Cleveland and Buffalo.

Another feature of their place that I remember very well were the locust trees which in the springtime filled the air with their sweet-

scented bloom. On the opposite corner lived the Morris family.

The first "sky-scraper" to be built at Doans Corners was the Hovey Block, a three or four-story brick building which to us youngsters looked as high as the "Tower of Babel."

"Wright's Tavern," which was not bothered by prohibition laws and long before the bootleggers had acquired this distinction, stood about where the Fenway Apartments are now located. There was a fountain in front where horses could quench their thirst, while their owners went inside for other refreshments.

The principal business district was on the north side of Euclid Avenue between what are now 105th and 107th Streets. The south side of Euclid in this section was entirely residential property and continued as such until the "East End" in later years began to take on city ways and homes were sacrificed for business blocks.

Those who now complain of the transportation facilities between the outlying districts and downtown will be interested in hearing what the old-timers had to put up with back in the early days when horse-drawn street-cars over single track rails were our only means of public service communication with the downtown shopping and business districts and which ride consumed about an hour's time. There was no heat in the cars in winter. Burying our feet in straw furnished by the Street Railway Company was the only way we had of trying to keep them from freezing on this downtown pilgrimage. The schedules were limited to the necessities of travel and for a long time the line terminated at Fairmount Street (now 107th). Those living beyond this terminal were compelled to get to this stopping point as best they could. Later on the street car line was extended through to Lake View with intermittent service. For many years Mr. Edwin Duty was the superintendent.

In the days of which I am writing a "plank" road served for a pavement on Euclid Avenue and on out towards Buffalo. If I remember correctly there was a toll gate at about where Cornell Avenue now cuts into Euclid. By pulling down the long sweep of pole, which was weighted on one end, the keeper could impede the progress of those who might refuse to pay the accustomed charge for the use of this improved highway and which enabled them to avoid the mud and pitfalls of the dirt road.

There used to be quite a "dip" in Euclid Avenue beginning at what is today 107th Street and which developed into somewhat of a hill, the apex of which was reached about where the entrance to Wade Park now is. This beautiful park, the virgin forest of which was a part of the farm of Samuel Cozad, is one of the most attractive forest preserves I have ever seen in a wide range of travel in this and other parts of the world. I wonder if the old spring still quenches the thirst of those who ramble through the forest? Where the beautiful landscaped lake now lies was a pond fed by springs where we "kids" used to enjoy skating.

A familiar sight and one that always attracted interest was to see members of the Shaker Society driving down from their colony on the Heights to the "Corners" to do their trading and shopping. They usually rode in a spring wagon built with a long box and were seated on high wooden chairs with spindle backs such as were used in dining-rooms in those days. The women wore the peculiar shape of "Shaker" bonnets, now decidedly passé. This once flourishing religious sect is but a faint memory to some of the oldest residents of Cleveland, as years ago they moved away to Dayton, Ohio. Their farm lands were sold and have been developed into one of the most beautiful residential sections of the city.

The Shaker Pond was a favorite haunt for the most venturesome of Doans Corners boys who knew how to swim without having to keep one foot on the bottom. To those of us youngsters who were unable to go very far away from home Doan Creek, which had its origin in Shaker Pond and ran merrily on and emptied into Lake Erie at Gordon Park, was quite a river to our way of thinking. In its waters we fished, swam and sailed our little craft. Here also was the "Old Swimmin' Hole," so vividly recalled by the reading of one of James Whitcomb Riley's familiar poems. Happy bygone days were these.

The "Corners," and in fact the entire portion of East Cleveland, took on unusual importance when annexed to the City of Cleveland. Previous to this time there were no metropolitan police and fire departments. City water and like improvements were also lacking. As my folks were always good law-abiding citizens it will not be surprising that I am not able to recall the names of any of our first policemen, but I do remember that Andrew Brott, whom I recently met at the eightieth anniversary reception of my friend, Charles A. Post, was one of the first members of the new City Fire Department and was in constant service until retired a few years ago under pension rules. How the smaller boys of the neighborhood used to envy him.

Some few of the old family names that I remember are Cozad, Ford, Post, Fay, Gale, Wright, Comstock, Bishop, Bennett, Hills, Neff, Smith, Clark, Remington, Stebbins, Pentecost, Nichols, Whaley, Peck, Slaght, Norris, Pike, Dikeman, Streator, Doan, Wason, Fuller, Haskins, Millard, Southern, Walters, Edwards, Boise, Stone, Watkins, Brott, Sambrook, Dille, Quinlan, Sherman, Merriam, Holden, Lyons, Harlow, Roy, Rose, Simpson and Hovey.

With the single exception of Charley Hendershot and his brother Perry, not another person now lives on 101st Street whose home was there when I was a small boy, and as my memory takes me back over the long intervening years I am reminded of the following lines of Whittier:

Oh time and change, with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter's day—
How strange it seems with so much gone,
Of love and life to still live on.

Never shall I forget my early days around Doans Corners and some day, in God's own good time, I hope to again return "Home" to rest amid familiar scenes of my boyhood days.

Sincerely,

C. A. Cairns

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE DOAN HUNDRED

"For we are to go by wooded ways,
And pleasant greeny places, by
Streams of water and running brooks."

WHEN in 1798, Nathaniel Doan brought his ague-stricken family from near Cuyahoga's marshy mouth out more than four miles, through the dense forest to more salubrious surroundings beside a clear and rapid brook, he found there, what by comparison must have seemed a bit of paradise. The stream, in its lovely wooded valley, its verdant banks surrounded by higher lands of lofty, forest growth, gave to this spot a combination of great natural charm and beauty, that fully justified its selection for home and settlement by this, our earliest local inhabitant. With evident love of nature's beauties, he seemingly combined at least some insight as to the present and future advantages of this spot, but could, by no wildest flight of fancy, have conceived its great future.

This one hundred acres (Original Lot 402), where in 1798 our local pioneer felled the first trees and put up his rude, log building, he finally paid for in full and became the recorded owner of in 1809. The price then paid for this choicely located tract was $7.50 per acre, or $750.00 for the entire holding.

Now, that "Doan Hundred" has become a city in itself with a value probably well over twenty million dollars. Where he erected a lowly log cabin now stands a lofty hotel and business block, surrounded by other beautiful hotels, with the theatres, banks, commercial structures and apartment houses of a metropolis.

Besides all these, we have just here a magnificent aggregation of churches, institutions of learning and historical research, that with their architecturally beautiful and commodious buildings, their vast libraries and fair campus settings, form within this area and close about it a rare combination of natural loveliness improved and adorned by skillful and artistic embellishment.

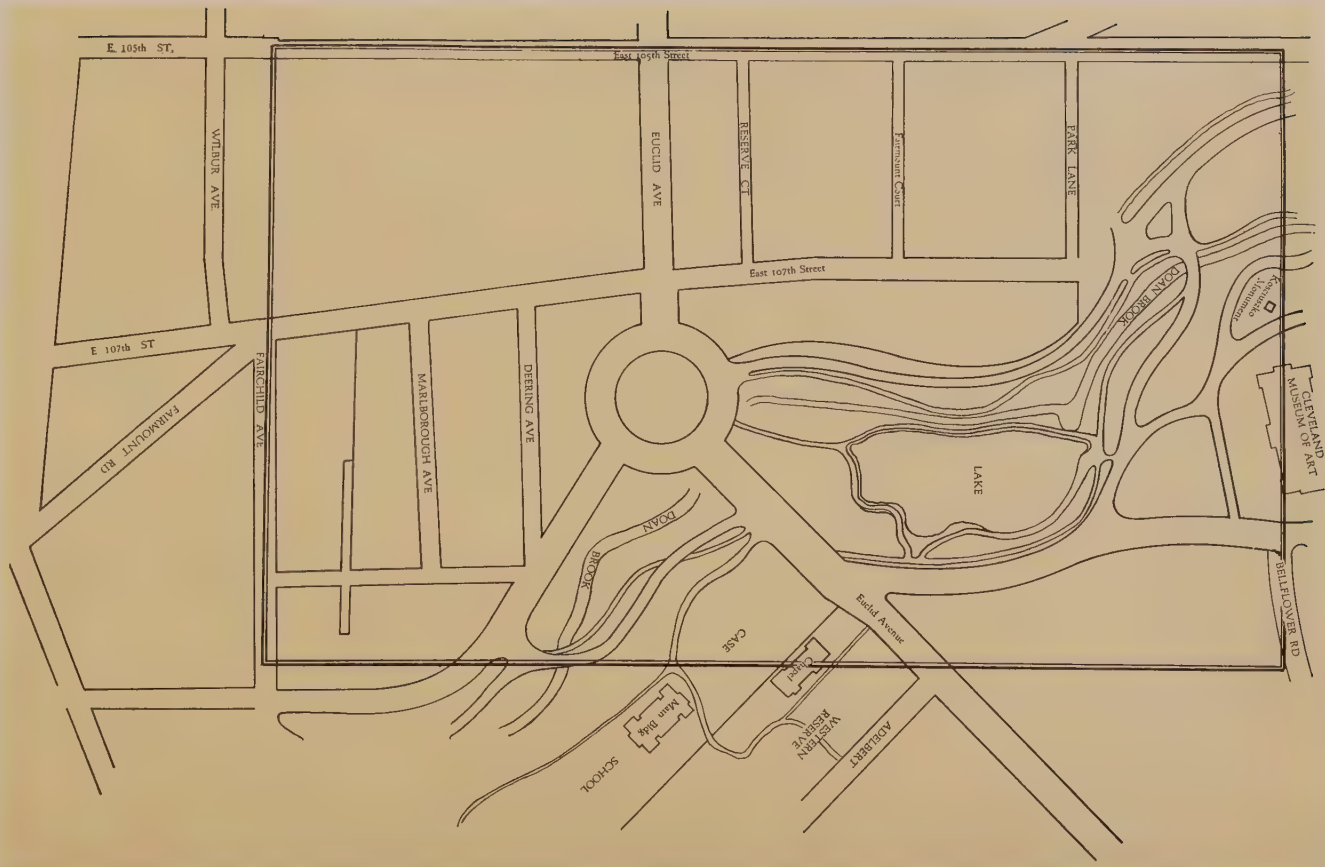
And crowning all this and overlooking its wonderful Art Garden, rises a classic temple dedicated to art, and filled with rare treasures which are the gatherings of many years from many lands by men and women who, with vision and wisdom, have had as well the wealth and will to bring great beauty to their city and its people.

Upon even an incomplete roster of those thus inspired to found, build and endow, would be written the names of Kelley, Hurlbut, Huntington, Wade, Holden, Harkness, Allen, Severance, Prentiss, Mather, Sherwin, Warner, Swasey, King and Greene. All these and others who have thus contributed now share the appreciative esteem of their fellow-citizens of the present day and are worthy the gratitude of generations yet to come.

I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

—*Shakespeare.*

Cleveland Museum of Art.—Photo by Mr. W. T. Higbee.



Map of "The Doan Hundred."—Kindness of C. H. Hutchinson.

INCORPORATION AND ANNEXATION

A friend has kindly loaned me the original petition for the incorporation of the Village of East Cleveland, Ohio. This document, dated 1866, is addressed to "The County Commissioners of County of Cuyahoga, State of Ohio," and reads in part, as follows: "We, the undersigned, inhabitants and duly qualified voters of the Townships of East Cleveland and Newburgh, County of Cuyahoga, respectfully petition for authority and permission to organize into an incorporated village, in accordance with the provision of the statute in such cases."

Then follows a description and plat of the territory to be annexed (thirty-two hundred acres), extending from Willson Avenue (Cleveland city limit) east to a point just west of where the Nickel Plate Railway now crosses Euclid Avenue. This petition was signed by three hundred and thirty voters, most of them well known in East Cleveland and Cleveland at the time. The list is headed by Judge Thomas K. Bolton, followed by W. S. Streator, William A. Neff, W. H. Doan, Martin Gale, Sylvester Silsby, N. G. Chipman, J. F. Millard, Truman D. Peck, Ruel H. House, J. T. Dille, D. P. Stebbins, G. J. Stebbins, James A. Sherman, T. S. Knight, Nathan Post, N. L. Post, George H. Russell, William Morgan, John Pike, John Ziemer, George Watkins, Thomas H. Sayle, H. C. Ford, J. R. Walters, Charles M. Preston, V. C. Taylor and many others. Preliminary notice was published July 18, 1866, and the incorporation consummated October 1, 1866.

In 1872 this same territory was annexed to Cleveland City, becoming the 16th and 17th wards.

These transactions marked the passing of the really old-time Corners, and the beginning of changes caused by the modern city invasion. Another transition period came when in 1881 and 1882

Case School and Adelbert College were established. At this time we assumed the semblance of a college town with students roaming the streets much as they do today, but comparatively few in number, and with no co-eds among them.

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE CITY FOUR MILES WEST

A citizen of no mean city.
—Kipling

O gracious city well beloved.
—Swinburne.

MY first sight of Cleveland was in early childhood on a day when my father and mother took me to "the city," and we left the horse and buggy at Brockway's City Hotel on Seneca Street, just a little north of Superior Street. The hotel, a white, frame structure with a porch with green lattice work, seemed very grand to me. I was probably about five or six years of age (1853-54); but corroborating my thus early, yet clear, impression of Superior Street west of the Public Square as being a wide, rough, humpy, sandy road with a double width of planking, I find in the annals of the Early Settlers' Association this statement: "Through the untiring effort of Mr. William Case in 1852 Superior Street was planked with three-inch oak lumber, and *became passable at all seasons of the year.*"

The Public Square was then fenced in, and the Court House, a white structure with a tower or steeple, was in the southwest corner of the Square. Pedestrians passed in and out of the Square between upright posts, so arranged as to keep out straying cattle and horses that then roamed the streets.

One very high spot in my memory of the city of the days a little later was the unveiling of Perry's Monument on September 10, 1860, when crowds came from all over northern Ohio, and there was great excitement and enthusiasm. My father, a good reinsman, drove in from the Corners over the shaky plank road behind a fine bay team, with a long wagon with seats along the sides loaded with our family and neighbors. This was a gala day never to be forgotten. Of the making of this monument, Miss Jessie B. Jones has written most interestingly and with authority:

"So much has been published in the Plain Dealer recently in regard to the Perry Monument, but no one seems to have definite information as to where it originated. I happen to know that it was made in my grandfather's marble shop on Erie Street near the famous Herkomer Carving Shop. The sculptor was a Mr. Walcott, of New York, quite famous for his day. He conducted a class of drawing and painting long before the Cleveland Art School was dreamed of. Mr. Brutus Cobb told me that both he and Mr. Pope were enthusiastic members of the class. All this happened a long time ago, for my grandfather died in 1871, and I do not know the date the monument was executed."

Then, during the Civil War, the famous Sanitary Fair, in a large, temporary structure on the Square, was a great event. The interior of that building, radiating in four directions from the Perry Monument, then in the center of the Square, with its elaborate decorations, seemed like fairyland, and too good to be true. Mr. Charles Scovill, then a small boy, but now a dignified official at the Society for Savings, confesses that he was fascinated by and revolved about an immense Indian canoe on exhibition there. This Fair was a great success, lasting several weeks. The formal opening was on February 22, 1864, Honorable James A.

Sanitary Fair—Public Square, 1864.—Courtesy Western Reserve Historical Society.

Garfield taking part in the opening ceremony, and being even then acclaimed as "the soldier-statesman." Jack Leland's Band, famous for many years, furnished the music, which was of a high order of excellence.

This Sanitary Fair was organized and conducted largely by patriotic ladies, who undertook the work for the benefit of the Ohio Soldiers' Aid Society, forerunner of the Sanitary Commission, and eventually, I think, of the great American Red Cross organization, which it seems grew out of these and similar organizations. So successful and well attended was this Fair that the new Court House, now the old Court House, was used as an annex. At about this time a hospital for soldiers was constructed on the piers, near the old Union Depot, which was built in part on piling over the waters of the lake, and through its plank flooring gave glimpses of the waves beneath. This hospital was located there so as to be accessible to returning invalid soldiers, and to others who, sick and suffering, were taken from trains passing through. At this Old Union Depot I remember distinctly seeing the Cleveland Grays entrain for their departure for the Civil War, with great crowds cheering them and their band playing "The Girl I left Behind Me" as the train pulled out.

Among those prominently and actively engaged in carrying on the Sanitary Fair were Mrs. John Shelley, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. William Melhinch, Mrs. Benjamin Rouse, Miss Sarah Elsie Mahan, Miss Mary C. Brayton, Mrs. J. H. Harris, Mrs. R. B. Hayes and Mrs. Peter Thatcher. Mrs. H. P. Weddell and Mrs. Philo Scovill had booths under their charge, and there were many others, both men and women, actively and efficiently associated with those mentioned but whose names, unfortunately, are not available to me.

During the Civil War there were at least three camps of soldiers in and near Cleveland, one out Woodland Avenue way at 55th Street on what was called the Case Commons, a large tract of vacant land owned by the Case family. Another camp, a large one, on the Heights of the South Side; and a third, that of a German Regiment, was on Euclid Avenue at the southeast corner of what is now 46th Street, where there was a fine grove of forest trees behind a rail fence. Sometime later this grove was the scene of a brutal and mysterious murder. One morning the body of a handsome young woman was discovered there, she having been strangled the night before under one of these trees. I think she was never identified nor the murderer apprehended.

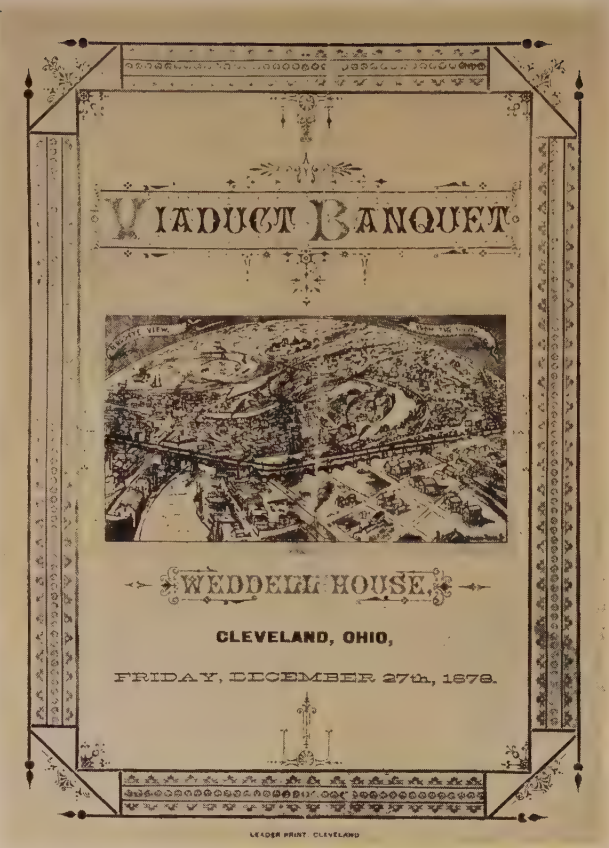
When, soon after his assassination, the remains of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, came by special train over the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railway to the Euclid Avenue Station, an imposing procession of military and other organizations escorted the remains through Euclid Avenue to the Public Square, where the body lay in state under a catafalque erected for the occasion. To me the most outstanding personage among the many notables who came from Washington as an escort of honor was General Joe Hooker (Fighting Joe). Mounted on a spirited gray horse, he led the procession, and being a fine horseman, was a soldierly and most striking figure.

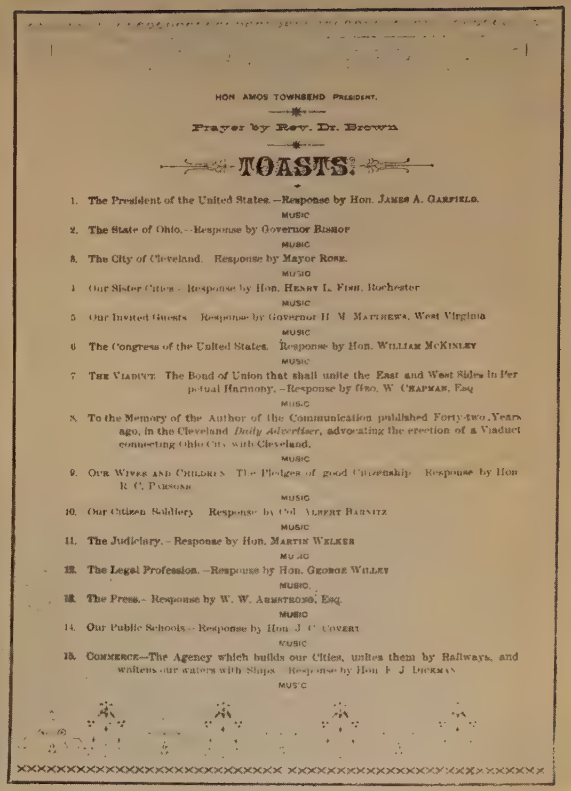
While these long ago historical happenings so hurriedly mentioned seem somewhat like the dreamy fabric of a vision, yet the memory of our participation in the events of those days is still clear and vivid.

When in June, 1869, I went to work as a bookkeeper at the important private bank of Everett, Weddell & Co., it took about an hour to go from the Corners to the Public Square, with a horse

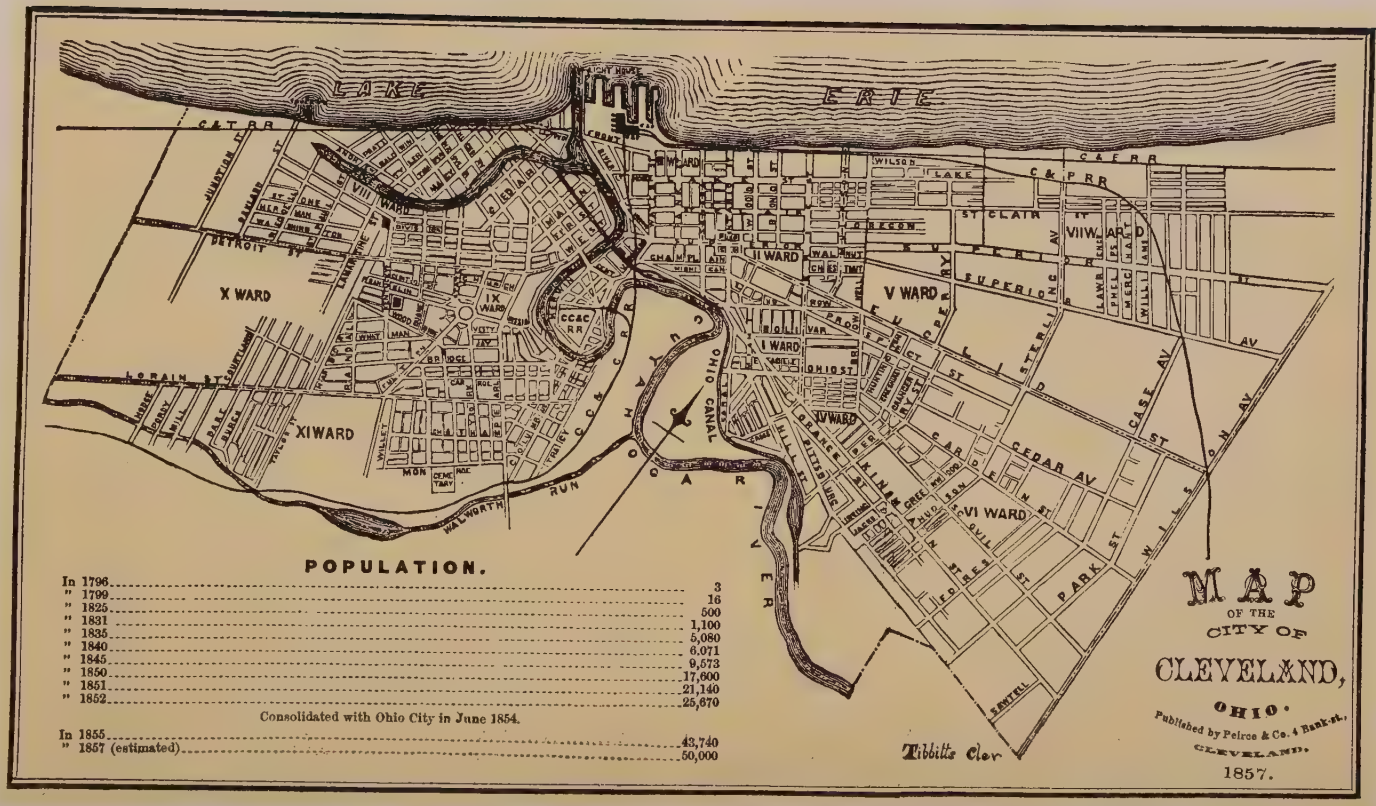
Cleveland, 1832. *Looking West from Euclid Road.* —*Courtesy The Rowfant Club.*

Lincoln Catafalque in Public Square, 1865.—Courtesy Cleveland Public Library—McMichael Collection.




HON AMOS TOWNSEND PRESIDENT.
Prayer by Rev. Dr. Brown
TOASTS.
1. The President of the United States.—Response by Hon. JAMES A. GARFIELD.
MUSIC
2. The State of Ohio.—Response by Governor BISHOP
MUSIC
3. The City of Cleveland. Response by Mayor ROSE.
MUSIC
4 Our Sister Cities.—Response by Hon. HENRY L. FISH, Rochester
MUSIC
5 Our Invited Guests.—Response by Governor H. M. MATTHEWS, West Virginia
MUSIC
6 The Congress of the United States. Response by Hon. WILLIAM MCKINLEY
MUSIC
7 THE VIADUCT. The Bond of Union that shall unite the East and West Sides in Perpetual Harmony.—Response by Hon. W. CHAPMAN, Esq
MUSIC
8. To the Memory of the Author of the Communication published Forty-two Years ago, in the Cleveland Daily Advertiser, advocating the erection of a Viaduct connecting Ohio City with Cleveland.
MUSIC
9. OUR WIVES AND CHILDREN. The Pledges of good Citizenship. Response by Hon R. C. PARSONS
MUSIC
10. Our Citizen Soldiery. Response by Col. ALBERT BARNITZ
MUSIC
11. The Judiciary.—Response by Hon. MARTIN WELKER
MUSIC
12. The Legal Profession.—Response by Hon. GEORGE WILLEY
MUSIC.
13. The Press.—Response by W. W. ARMSTRONG, Esq.
MUSIC
14. Our Public Schools.—Response by Hon. J. C. COVERT
MUSIC
15. COMMERCE—The Agency which builds our Cities, unites them by Railways, and whitens our waters with Ships.—Response by Hon. E. J. DORMAN
MUSIC

Menu Cover and Toast Program. Opening of First Viaduct.



POPULATION.

In 1796	3
" 1799	16
" 1825	500
" 1831	1,100
" 1835	5,080
" 1840	6,071
" 1845	9,573
" 1850	17,600
" 1851	21,140
" 1852	25,670

Consolidated with Ohio City in June 1854.

In 1855	43,740
" 1857 (estimated)	50,000

car once an hour, if all went well. But when in 1872 the epizootic epidemic prevailed from coast to coast, with practically all horses sick or dead, we tramped it day after day. Mules seemed immune, and helped out transportation, and even a few yoke of oxen were hunted up and used; one yoke that had been trained to trot furnished power for the limited or flyer.

The bank of Everett, Weddell & Co. was at the corner of Bank and Frankfort Streets in the Weddell House building. The Weddell House had much of historical interest, many famous men during the course of years being among its guests. On February 15, 1861, after his election and while enroute to Washington, Abraham Lincoln spoke from its balcony, but two blocks from the Public Square where he subsequently lay in state after his assassination. At the Weddell House in 1878 a great banquet was given celebrating the opening of the first viaduct, the Superior and Detroit Street connection. I attended this banquet. The speeches were many, two of the best being by Garfield and McKinley, both of whom later became Presidents of the United States. If the table did not groan at this banquet some of the guests may have done so later, as the provisions, both solid and liquid, were ample, as witnessed by the menu, the cover of which is reproduced on another page. The Wesleys were landlords of this hotel at that time. Coincidentally in 1884 I attended a banquet of the Ohio Society in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria, where two Presidents-to-be, McKinley and Harrison, spoke.

Engine House No. 1 was just around the corner on the north side of Frankfort Street, and opposite was Montpelier's Theatre Comique, sometimes called The Workingman's Theatre. "Old Monte," the proprietor, was a stout, red-faced Frenchman, conspicuous in his foreign way and dress, because then Cleveland

was really an American city. In 1878, on this same short Frankfort Street, just in the rear of the Weddell House, E. W. Scripps and R. F. ("Bob") Paine established the Penny Press, the nucleus and beginning of the noted Scripps-Howard Newspapers, now flourishing journals in many cities. The Press was thought sensational at first and was not very popular with some of our conservative citizens. Maurice Perkins, a clever Press reporter, a brilliant writer and something of an artist, was "disciplined" by some "persons unknown," and there was excitement and talk of damage suits against members of some of the first families. It is my impression that all was settled out of court and publicity thus avoided.

James Hill was Chief of the Fire Department and John Bennett Assistant Chief, their headquarters being at No. 1 Engine House on Frankfort Street near Bank Street. Going out on the runs when an alarm was given was George Wallace, then a handsome, husky young fireman, who at eighty-two is still active as the efficient and highly respected Chief of Cleveland's great Fire Department. The engines were named after the former mayors. I recall only the George B. Senter, the H. M. Chapin and the I. U. Masters. Frankfort Street was narrow and the turn into Bank Street rather sharp, so that when the hook and ladder truck came out on the run it was at times on two wheels. It happened once that the truck made a swing for the curb and struck a milk wagon in front of the Oyster Ocean. Of course I was looking out and can still see that geyser of milk going up with the driver and his cans in the midst. After the deluge no one seemed to have been hurt and the Fire Department didn't even hesitate.

Harry Price, quite a sporting character, kept the Oyster Ocean, a well known eating house and bar on the east side of Bank Street

Weddell House, corner Superior and Bank Streets. Called the Astor House of the Lakes. From an early Cleveland Atlas.

under the old Academy of Music (still standing), that famous theatre where Uncle John Ellsler had his wonderful stock company. This theatre of more than local fame was, under Ellsler's management, a training school for such future stars as James (Jimmie) Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, both later members of the famous Daly Stock Company in New York; also Lawrence Barrett, Clara Morris, Effie Ellsler, James O'Neill and others here began their careers. John Ellsler was himself an actor, being rated as second only to Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. Mrs. Ellsler also appeared at times.

Of the business men active and seen every day in that section, which was then the heart of business Cleveland, was alert, courteous V. C. Taylor, who had been a lieutenant in the Civil War and always looked like a soldier. He was then in the office of the Price Brothers, bankers and brokers. The Merchants National Bank was on the corner of Superior and Bank Streets, opposite the Weddell House. T. P. Handy was president. Melancthon Barnett, a director, quite aged at this time, was often seen standing in the doorway smoking a long clay pipe. Will Cutter was cashier, succeeded by E. R. Perkins in 1879; and the Murfey Brothers, Charlie and Lew, were clerks there, both of them still active and successful bankers with the Guardian Trust Company.

Hiram Garretson, father of Gen. Geo. A. Garretson, was president of the Second National Bank, located at corner of Superior and Water Streets. "Jeff" Buel, popular, and later of tragic fate, was cashier. Mr. George Russell, but recently deceased, was a teller. Next door east on Superior Street was the Commercial National Bank, Stillman Witt, president, "Dan" P. Eels, cashier. In this bank also were D. Z. Norton, George Stockley and O. M. Stafford,

all destined to become prominent and help make manufacturing and financial history for Cleveland.

The First National Bank in the same block on Superior Street had General Barnett for its president and A. K. Spencer as cashier, and this is where "Jack" Garey, now with The Union Trust Company, began. The National City Bank was almost next door. W. P. Southworth was president, and wide-awake, active and popular John F. Whitelaw, cashier. John Sherwin was with this bank as a clerk. One day Mr. Whitelaw told him that he would "never make a banker." Young Sherwin persisted in trying, and seems to have proved rather decidedly that even as good a banker as Mr. Whitelaw could be a poor prophet. On Bank Street, in the rear of the Merchants National Bank, was the private bank of E. B. Hale & Co., with Mr. W. H. Barriss as its cashier; and there as a clerk was E. G. ("Ed") Tillotson, the future prominent banker and bond dealer. Alex Marshall came to the Second National Bank as a clerk in 1872, and is still active as a vice-president of The Union Trust Company. Efficient, courteous Henry Ellison was cashier of the Ohio National Bank, a good banker with a host of friends. The Society for Savings was on the corner of the Public Square where the Chamber of Commerce building now stands. Samuel Williamson, president, and Samuel Mather, secretary. Charlie Dockstader and H. C. Studley were clerks, both of them then being active in Y. M. C. A. and other religious work.

Still later was organized the Union National Bank, at the corner of Superior and Seneca Streets, with Mark A. Hanna as its first president, Lee McBride, vice-president, and popular E. H. Bourne, cashier. At this bank as teller and bookkeeper were two friends, both of whom have since attained merited distinction.

They were Mr. E. R. Fancher, now governor of The Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland, and Mr. George Coulton, an executive vice-president of The Union Trust Company. Mr. E. H. Cady, now a prominent banker of Toledo, also started in this bank. Mr. J. H. McBride, of The Root & McBride Company, and serving as an official and director of two banks and other corporations, was one of the wisest and kindliest business men I ever knew. The McBride Lecture Fund was founded in his honor. Miss Grace McBride, his oldest daughter, became the wife of Doctor George W. Crile, the now world-famous surgeon-scientist, who was a close associate of the late lamented Doctor Frank E. Bunts, who was a graduate of Annapolis, later becoming a physician and surgeon whose great wisdom and skill gained him more than local fame. Doctor Bunts was ever generous and helpful, his kindly deeds and lovable personality making of him an outstanding character, beloved and mourned by hosts of friends from all walks of life when recently he passed so suddenly.

In our Everett, Weddell & Co. Bank, kindly Doctor Azariah Everett presided as chief active partner, with tall Sylvester Everett as his associate. Doctor Everett was president of the East Cleveland Street Railway, the first railway in America to install an electric system, and to consult with him came at times Joseph Stanley, president of the Woodland Avenue Street Railway, father of the late popular John Stanley, whose brother, Charles, is still active in the administration of the Cleveland Railway Company. Sylvester Everett was for several terms city treasurer, and later cashier of the Second National Bank. Henry Sexton, a teller in our bank, was a great reader with a wonderful memory and had a gift of amusing, caustic description and criticism. Then there were R. G. Gardner, an accurate

and reliable bookkeeper, with Ed Everett and George Barnes as accountants; and during my years here there came handsome Will Patterson, "Billy" Keiper and many other fellow workers who are to memory dear but too numerous to name. Mr. Henry A. Everett, one of the finest characters I have ever known, and E. W. Moore, afterwards associated with him in interurban railway building, got their early business training here.

When in these days I see the armored automobiles and array of armed guards used by the banks in transporting funds, I am reminded by contrast of the days when as a teller at this old-time bank I sometimes went to the county treasurer's office in the old Court House to receive deposits of county and city money. One day, alone and unarmed, I brought $450,000 from the Court House to the bank, carrying the currency in an old carpet bag, walking not too hurriedly, neither loitering, so no one suspected me and nothing happened.

John Howard Webster, then just beginning the practice of law in our city and county courts, later to become a successful manufacturer, was in an office with Mr. H. P. Weddell, next door. Now retired and a faithful Rowfanter, J. H. W. is not only a keen book collector, but as well a great reader, which does not always follow.

At or about noon every day the dignified Colonel Stoughton Bliss passed down Bank Street on his way to the Kennard House for lunch with his friends of The Ark. He dressed in rather formal, old-time garb, always wearing a high hat, and sporting a gold-headed cane. He was a striking figure and his nephew, Harry A. Bliss, manufacturer and antiquarian, still has the cane.

On Bank Street, next north of the Merchants Bank, was the office of The Cleveland Herald, Fairbanks & Benedict, publishers. Beyond the Herald office came the dry-goods and notion house of

Morgan, Root & Co., where my brother James, Willie Cardie and many other Doans Corners boys had their first business training.

In the Bank Street front of the Weddell House, Mr. George Cowell, a fine old Englishman, had a small jewelry store, with his son Herbert as his associate; another son, Samuel Cowell, joining them a bit later. From this modest beginning has arisen the great jewelry establishment of the Cowell & Hubbard Company. Tom O'Brien's Railway Ticket Office was next door. Hustling Sam Parsons, a broker, specialized in Iron Ore Company stocks, then in active demand. Across Superior Street from the Weddell House was the American House. In this same block was the Cleveland Leader, with the eccentric Edwin Cowles as its erratic and fearless editor. Mr. E. H. Perdue was treasurer of the Leader Company, and Mr. Elbert H. Baker, now chairman of the board of the Plain Dealer Publishing Company, and, with his sons, owner of other important daily journals, was active in its advertising department. A little east of the American House was the Koehler Clothing Store, where long before we bought our infrequent suits from kindly Mr. Koehler, a friend of our father.

Baldwin, Hatch & Co., and Hower & Higbee, leading dry-goods merchants, were on the south side of Superior Street, near Seneca Street, now West 3rd Street. Crittenden & Co., west of the Weddell House on Superior Street, and Sylvester Hogan, corner of Superior and Seneca Streets, were the principal jewelers. J. F. Ryder's art and photograph gallery, with witty Tom Nat as manager, was in this section, as were the studios of nervous, artistic Edgar Decker and handsome Jack Ryder, both photographers. On the north side of Superior Street, near the Square, were Evans, Van Epps & Co., stationers and news dealers. So popular were Ford Evans and "Rob" Van Epps that at times their store, quite like a club

room, was the rendezvous of leading business men of all ages, who, dropping in for their papers and magazines, met and visited with their friends, and as well got many a laugh out of Ford's caustic and Rob's witty remarks and the stories of the day as told there.

Here might be seen such men as Judge Rufus P. Ranney, Henry Ranney, Mayor Nate Payne, John Hay, George W. Gardner, J. B. Zerbe, Henry G. Abbey, Judge J. M. Jones, J. J. Tracy, Judge D. R. Tilden, Mark Hanna, Frank Rockefeller, J. M. Henderson, Andrew Squire, Theodore E. Burton, Myron T. Herrick, L. C. ("Doc") Hanna, Colonel Harris of the Troop, Waldemar Otis, H. P. McIntosh, John A. Penton, S. D. Dodge, J. V. Painter, Billy Edwards, Colgate, J. M. and Elton Hoyt, Will and Ed Harvey, Charlie Brayton, "Lang" Gorham, Charlie Bingham, W. S. Kerruish and Sheldon Kerruish, Dudley and Harry Wick, Stiles Curtiss, Stiles Smith, Hon. J. C. Hutchins, Jacob and Douglas Perkins, J. H. Webster, Charlie Cutter (grandfather of Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh), Stewart Chisholm, Charles and Ralph Hickox, Samuel Holding, Ralph Worthington, Charlie Wason, George Russell, Charlie Bolton, "Doc" Beeman, Howard Burgess, Edwin and William Bingham and many others of us not so well known. Joe McKeon, a newsboy on the sidewalk in front, was taken in by kind-hearted Rob Van Epps, and as salesman remained with them for nine years of excellent service. Fred Larwill began to sell books here, and is still at it as proprietor of the fine University Book Store in the Doans Corners section.

At Evans, Van Epps & Co., Sunday morning was a favorite gathering time, and one eventful Sunday "Doc" Beeman, a physician and chemist, said to Nellie Horton, who with her sister Nettie were clerks there: "W. J. White has made a fortune out of chewing gum. Why can't I?" "Put pepsin in your gum and you

can," was her quick reply. Beeman acted on the suggestion, and thence came Beeman's Pepsin Gum, with a fortune for him and a competence for Miss Horton, Doctor Beeman remembering her generously when he formed his corporation.

At the corner of Frankfort, near the Court House, was Joe Richard's billiard room, bar and excellent dining room—a great resort for judges, attorneys and county officials. I sometimes went there for lunch with Everett Talbot, a Doans Corners boy, my good friend from childhood, he being at this time with Morgan, Root & Co.

On Superior, between Seneca and Bank Streets, were the excellent book stores of J. B. Cobb & Co. and Ingham & Clark.

Mr. J. B. Cobb, a great reader and fond of Roman history, appropriately and delightfully named his four sons, Junius Brutus, Brutus Junius, Caius Cassius, Cassius Caius, and his two daughters, Marcia Lucia and Lucia Marcia.

To Ingham & Clark's, from Warren, Ohio, came W. H. Brett, who as a student book lover and seller was soon fitting himself for his later life work and career at our Public Library, where, by many years of inspired, devoted service, he so signally helped to guide through critical periods the policies that led up to our now magnificent Library, and was himself recognized and honored as one of America's great librarians.

While Taylor, Austin & Co., booksellers, were on the Public Square where The May Co. now is, Charles Orr, one of the founders of the Rowfant Club, afterward Case librarian and Director of Public Schools, but then just from Brentano's in New York, was there introduced to Cleveland book buyers, and began to make the many friends his wonderful personality and great knowledge of books soon brought him. Taylor, Austin & Co. had

another clerk, Wallace Cathcart, fresh from Denison College, who became a book lover and antiquarian, and is now so well known as vice-president and director of the Western Reserve Historical Society, which, with its huge library and unequaled wealth of museum material, should be better known to our citizens, and needs more spacious quarters.

Tower'd Cities pleasant then
And the busy hum of men.
—Milton.

Garrett's Hall stood where the Williamson Building now is. Josiah Stacey had a fine restaurant and confectionery store on that corner, and was, perhaps, the first to serve ice cream in Cleveland. I ate my first there, and so did J. H. Webster—a great event for both of us.

Mr. George A. Rudd and Mr. W. B. Davis are the real pioneers in this central section of Cleveland, both having been actively engaged in business on the Public Square and lower Euclid Avenue for about sixty years; yet young in heart and appearance, they are still going strong. Mr. Charles E. Adams began his business life as a clerk at Chandler & Rudd's, where he is said to have been especially active and interested in the fruit department.

Euclid Avenue east of the Square was still a residential district, with its fine old homes of Doctor Little, the Gaylords, the Otis family, the Chisholms, the Scovils and others equally well known. Between the Square and Erie Street, now East 9th Street, was the Ursuline Convent, it being on the south side of Euclid where the great Taylor store now is, with the fine old Union Club a near neighbor toward the east. Then came the Central High School building (afterward the Public Library), and beyond it a row of

brick dwellings, with the Mayell & Hopp Company's store on the corner of Erie in a building called Euclid Place. On the southeast corner of Euclid and Erie (now East 9th Street) was the first Methodist Church, and the first Baptist Church stood on the northwest corner. Doctor Sapp had an office at the northeast corner, with a vacant lot back of it in which cows were pastured, that were sometimes milked very near the street. This gave at such times an opportunity for an active boy with a stick properly applied to the picket fence to cause a panicky stampede, an overturned milk pail and an irate milker.

As the years went by I saw Edwin Forrest play "Virginius" at the old Academy of Music. Making his last tour then he appeared to be a very old man, but his rendition of certain stirring lines made one tingle and realize how great he once had been. Madame Janauschek, from Bohemia, a famous tragic actress, also came to the Academy of Music. Really a grand artiste, her poor English rather detracted from some supposedly affecting passages, as in the play "Chesney Wold," a dramatization of Dickens' "Bleak House," where when in a sentimental scene she is supposed to say: "We will have none but lovers here," her foreign accent and rendition made it: "We will have none but loafers here," much to the delight of the boys in the gallery. Madame Janauschek's collection of jewels showered upon her by kings and emperors was the largest and most valuable owned by any actress of that time. I know the gems were many and beautiful, for as a bank teller they were once left with me for safe keeping. Notwithstanding these valuable possessions this artiste died in reduced circumstances.

Before leaving the atmosphere of the Old Academy I must confess to having seen Lydia Thompson and Eliza Weatherby, with

their corps of English beauties, who in "The Black Crook" shocked and scandalized the town, but played to crowded houses. In these days this play would probably be thought tame and dull.

At Brainard's Hall, originally Melodeon Hall, I heard Wendell Phillips deliver his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts," when we all sat enthralled for more than an hour while he spoke on that fascinating subject, with his wonderful voice and matchless eloquence, that I have not heard equaled since. As a contrast, here I also listened to Artemus Ward lecture on "The Babes in the Woods," when for about an hour he talked nonsense to a delighted audience, but forgot to mention either the Babes or the Woods.

The entertainment at this Hall varied greatly, as here also came Blind Tom, the seemingly stupid negro who was such a marvelous pianist and composer. Not knowing a note, he could on one hearing of any long and difficult selection, always thereafter play it with wonderful expression, and improvisations. Tom Thumb with his troupe also exhibited in this old Hall.

Still later, at different times, I heard John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, and Robert G. Ingersoll, the eloquent agnostic, lecture at Case Hall, which, located where the Post Office now is, was then the finest auditorium in Cleveland, having been designed along the lines of the Boston Music Hall and being perfect acoustically.

To it at other times came Theodore Thomas, with his magnificent orchestra, this Hall being also the place in which the Cleveland Vocal Society gave its fine classical concerts. The very excellent Arion Quartette, consisting of Charles Lang, J. F. Isham, Charles Jaster and George Duckett, with cheerful Ed Beach as substitute assisting. Alfred Arthur was the conductor for this vocal society, which was most popular, and had among its mem-

Old Post Office, Case Building and City Hall.—Courtesy Cleveland Public Library—McMichael Collection

bers representatives of the very best families. Mrs. "Birdie" Hale Britton was the lady soloist I remember best, she having a charming personality and beautiful voice. Happily there was no jazz in those days, and the cultured and elite attended these concerts in great numbers, little dreaming of the musical horrors yet to come. The Cleveland Philharmonic Orchestra also gave excellent concerts in Case Hall.

When in 1882 Oscar Wilde came to lecture in Case Hall, he had a fine audience. He was a stalwart young Irishman, rather handsome, and with no evidence of the decadence that later was his ruin. He was the first man I ever saw wearing knickerbockers, black velvet at that, and silk stockings. He was a good speaker, witty and interesting, but to us seeming rather affected with his English university drawl. Wilde, posing as the apostle of beauty, was said to be serious about nothing, having but two subjects, Self and Art, his interest in both being but a bid to draw the crowd. Undoubtedly a genius, the English soon were calling him "the most promising poet of his age, and amazing."

I venture to tell of two or three well-known characters not in derision nor unkindly, but only that they were personalities and at times amusing. Ned R., who used to take the trolley car at Case Avenue and Prospect Street as we went down town of a morning, was a veteran of the Civil War and had been a salt water sailor. Bluff and almost bullying at times, he was at heart kindly and generous, and ever a picturesque and fluent talker. Getting into the car one morning, Ned tangled with an umbrella projecting into the aisle and left it a ruin and a total loss. He gave the owner a "blessing," much to the man's embarrassment and the amusement of the other passengers. As a sequel that evening the offender of the morning received at his home a beautiful

silk umbrella which Ned had ordered a dealer to send him.

When the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument was erected in the Public Square, many opposed that location, some even criticising the artistic merits of the monument, Ned being among the number. Some one in arguing with him said, "Well, if you don't like that site, where would you locate it?" "Five miles due north," was his prompt reply.

When his son asked him why he never joined the other veterans of the Civil War in Decoration Day activities he replied, "There is only one man whose grave I would really like to decorate." His son said, "Well, why don't you do it?" Ned replied, "Oh, but I can't. That fellow ain't dead yet."

One middle-aged business man of the earlier days, highly connected and popular, was quite a wit. Occasionally needing extra temporary capital he would try to borrow more than his bank could grant. Of such times he said: "When I went to my bank and was refused a loan I would go over to the Weddell House, take two or three drinks, and then I had money to lend." He was a great checker player, and when in his last illness his affectionate wife leaned over him he looked up smilingly and said: "My dear, I believe I'll move into the King row," and so passed on.

In the '80s and '90s, Freddie I. was one of the well-known fashionable men about town. Short and dapper, quite exquisite in dress, he was, on occasion, a leader of the Germans in the city's select society circles. A friend and entertainer of visiting operatic and theatrical celebrities, he was usually a first-nighter and his entrance, as he walked down the Opera House aisle, escorting fair women of the first families, sometimes taller than himself, was one of the sights. At the Union Club and in their families he was a close associate of the Hannas and others of the elite. A

great and rather daring talker, but sincere and ever loyal to his friends, he had an engaging, child-like frankness, and a way of saying things without giving offense that few could equal. Surviving most of his generation and toward the last in somewhat straightened circumstances, he became a rather pathetic, but always immaculate figure when occasionally he appeared upon the streets of a city that had largely outgrown and forgotten him and most of the people and affairs of his time. Calling on him not long before his death, where, quite in contrast to his former surroundings, he was living in a boarding house (but well cared for by the kindly M— sisters), he told me a little of his loneliness and the dull routine of his daily life, closing by saying: "When I go to bed, I cover up my head, say my prayers, cry a little and so go to sleep."

Probably few of the present generation know of or remember the first balloon ascension in Cleveland. I have recently obtained through my friend, Mr. A. D. Hatfield, of this city, and his brother, Mr. Charles F. Hatfield, of St. Louis, a most interesting letter account of this event in which their father, Mr. D. N. Hatfield, one of Cleveland's leading photographers of that day, took part. The letter reads as follows:

"Regarding the balloon ascension in which Father participated, it was on July 4, 1875, from the middle of the Public Square, just east of the old Commodore Perry Monument, which was at the intersection of Superior and Ontario.

Professor King was the aeronaut and it was the balloon 'Buffalo.' The others who went up were Frank Taylor of The New York Graphic, and three or four reporters of local papers. It was late in the afternoon, as it was between five and six o'clock before the wind was blowing so that they could go south and not over the lake.

They passed directly over our house on Sibley Street and mother was holding Daisy, who was then only about four months old, in her arms.

They made their first landing near Mantua, where they let out the local reporters. King, Taylor and Father again going up and passing over Warren, Ohio. Proceeding southeast, at a point east of Pittsburgh, they ran into a terrible storm and had to throw out all of the ballast, Father's instruments and even their heavy clothing. Still unable to clear, they were wrecked against a mountain side in the wilderness ten miles from the nearest settlement. Rescued by logging men, they were taken out of the woods, but it was two or three days before their friends heard from them."

The late Mr. Robert S. Pierce, then a reporter for the Cleveland Leader, was one of the local reporters who made this ascension.

First balloon ascension in Cleveland, July 4th, 1875.—Courtesy of Western Reserve Historical Society.

Ursuline Convent, Euclid Avenue. Site of Wm. Taylor Co.—Courtesy Cleveland Public Library—McMichael Collection.

Euclid and Sterling (East 30th Street), 1872. Backus Residence. Courtesy Western Reserve Historical Society.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

URSULINE CONVENT

THE history of the Convent mentioned seemed so interesting that I've researched a bit and so can give my readers what is to me an intriguing story.

In the year 1839 Bishop John B. Purcell, of the Catholic diocese at Cincinnati, Ohio, went to Europe, and while in Boulogne, France, paid a visit to the Ursuline Convent at that point, and met there a young French priest, who was chaplain of the Convent. This young priest, Father Rappe, was so moved by the recital of the needs of Catholics in Ohio, as presented by Bishop Purcell, that he volunteered to come to Cleveland, where he arrived in 1840, and in 1847 was named the first Bishop of Cleveland, and as such was, for many years, held in high esteem by Catholics and Protestants alike.

Soon after 1847 he paid a visit to France, and while there interested a number of the Ursuline sisters in coming to Cleveland, and taking charge of the educational work for the young women of the Catholic Church here. These young and cultured sisters, four in number, arrived in Cleveland on August 8, 1850, taking immediate possession of their home on Euclid Avenue, they and their successors remaining there until 1893, when the members of the Order removed to their new and more commodious building at Willson and Scovill Avenues, where they still remain.

The old Convent, to which the sisters originally came, was situated on Euclid Avenue in what had been the old Judge Cowles home, which probably was the first brick house in Cleveland. Two curving wings, extending nearly to the street, were added to the original structure. This spot, now occupied by the Taylor Company store, is of much interest historically, sentimentally and practically, as once having been the home of a fine Cleveland family of the early days, afterward the scene of the devotional and educational labor of the sisters named for the martyred saint of long ago, and now having become a great trade emporium.

Surely it was a fine, brave undertaking for these young and gifted women to leave their beloved France for the new and crude city in far away America. Their coming was an event for the 20,000 people then here, and their names, worthy of record, I have secured through the kindness of Mrs. John H. Kirkwood, whose father, Robert Mix, Esq., was the legal adviser for the Convent. The pioneers of the Order were Mother des Serapienes (Miss Teresa Young), Sister M. Benoit (Miss Sylvia Picquot), Mother Mary of the Annunciation (Miss Mary Beaumont), Mother St. Charles (Miss Victoria Bourdelier); the latter became the first Superior of the Order. After a little time the two first named returned to France and those remaining were joined soon afterwards by Lady Arabella Seymour, an English lady of rank, who had been educated in France, and became Sister Mary Austin; these three becoming the original trustees of the Convent.

In addition to this valuable information I have received a charming letter from a Protestant lady friend, who was a pupil at this Convent for several years, beginning in 1865. She says: "Father Rappe at that time was Bishop Rappe, and greatly beloved, never failing to place his hand on my head when meeting

me and adding his blessing, leaving in my mind a feeling of reverence which succeeding years have not lessened. Three of my classmates were Effie Ellsler, afterwards the charming actress, Lizzie Blee (later Mrs. Herman Frasch), Estelle Smith (now Mrs. Cunnea), to all of whom, as to myself, the memory of those Convent days has borne the assurance of affectionate understanding as well as an abiding lesson of the value of thoroughness." This friend also mentions Mother St. Austin and Mother de Chautal as early Convent sisters. The Rev. J. A. McFadden, Chancellor for this Diocese, has kindly verified dates and names for me.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

TROOP, BATTERY AND OTHERS

AFTER some serious rioting growing out of labor troubles, The First City Troop and the Gattling Gun Battery were organized to assist in the preservation of law and order. The men enlisted were carefully chosen by a committee of prominent citizens headed by General James Barnett, hailed for years as Cleveland's leading citizen. The date of the organization of the Troop was Oct. 10, 1877, and the Battery June 21, 1878; thus, they came into existence within a few months of each other, and were, for many years, friendly rivals in a military, social and upon one occasion, at least, in an athletic way. Both being recruited from the best circles in our city, competition for recruits of outstanding quality was keen and in some cases families were divided in their allegiance, one son becoming a Battery man, while his brother was enrolled as a Trooper. In the initial organization of the Troop, Colonel W. H. Harris became its first captain, with E. S. Meyer as first lieutenant and General George A. Garrettson as second lieutenant; Charles D. Gaylord, first sergeant, and Frank Wells, M. D., surgeon. The first officers for the Gattling Battery were Major W. F. Goodspeed as captain, with Captain Frank Wilson as first lieutenant and Thomas Goodwillie as orderly sergeant. Dr. John H. Lowman was surgeon, and Rev. S. P. Sprecher chaplain. Somewhat later the late Doctor George Clark Russell was

for years surgeon of the Battery and L. C. Hanna its captain.

The twenty-five names on the original roster of the Battery are as follows:

Captain L. C. Hanna	C. J. Sheffield	C. W. Wason
Major W. F. Goodspeed	F. W. Leek	T. K. Bolton
Thomas Goodwillie	John A. Norton	H. J. McKinnie
Luther Allen	Frank Wilson	Charles A. Post
F. J. Wing	Charles Uhl	S. C. Prentiss
W. H. Harvey	R. W. Hickox	E. H. Harvey
John R. Ranney	John H. Kirkwood	M. S. Masters
J. F. Evans	C. W. Bingham	George S. Russell
	C. A. Brayton	

Of these, all have passed on except Prentiss and Post.

The athletic contest referred to above was a ball game on June 14, 1879, the newspaper account of which (probably written by "Rob" Pierce) reads as follows:

"The game yesterday between the First City Troop and the Gattling Gun Battery Nines furnished plenty of entertainment to a large audience in attendance, which, by the way, was the finest without exception that had gathered at the League Park this season. The contest was in many points an excellent one, some of the plays being especially meritorious. The Troopers led from the start, and kept their opponent down well until the seventh inning, when the first run was made for the Gunners. The Troop had a decided advantage over the Battery in their pitcher Billings and catcher Bolton, whose plays drew out applause and praise. Working together they made a formidable team. Billings' left-hand delivery puzzled the boys on the other side until that seventh inning, when they took a streak of batting, and aided by loose fielding, scored their only runs.

It is but justice to add that the Gunners were deprived of their regular pitcher (Wason), and catcher (Post), both of whom were unable to play. Otherwise, the Gunners would have made a better showing and the two sides would have been pretty evenly matched. Perkins, in short field for the Troopers, did some extraordinary playing, one pick-up and throw to first being especially fine. Brown, at first base, did excellent work also, and batted like an old hand. Bolton's catching was superb, and throughout he played close up behind the bat, with the skill of a professional. For the Gunners, Kirkwood led at the bat in the number of hits, but Ranney took the cake for the three-bagger, which brought in two runs. 'Doc' Hanna, at first base, showed that he had not forgotten how to play ball. Good work was also done by Russell, Sheffield, Prentiss and Masters. The following was the line-up:

TROOP		GATTLING GUN	
Comstock	r. f.	Sheffield	2nd b. & c.
Brown	1st b.	Kirkwood	r. f.
Billings	p.	Prentiss	c. & 2nd b.
Scott	2nd b.	Russell	3rd b.
Worthington	l. f.	Leek	l. f.
Brainard	c. f.	Hanna	1st b.
Bolton	c.	Ranney	c. f.
Rattle	3rd b.	Ketchum	s. s.
Perkins	s. s.	Masters	p.

While The First City Troop is still active and much enlarged, the Gattling Battery has practically gone out of existence. However, a veteran member, Henry W. (Harry) Avery, has for years voluntarily and faithfully kept the diminishing roll of Battery men, notifying the surviving members of the passing of a com-

First City Troop (Troop A) as Escort at Funeral of Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, 1929. Scene in Gordon Park.—Courtesy of Captain Woods King.

rade and as well seen that a suitable floral tribute was provided for the burial service on such occasions.

As a fit and gracious ending to all old-time rivalry a consolidation of the veterans of the Battery and the Troop was initiated, consummated and ratified at the annual meeting of Troop A, Veteran Association, May 27, 1924. By this consolidation the Battery Armory on Carnegie Avenue was turned over to Troop A Armory Company. Its estimated value was between $30,000 and $33,000. All trophies, records, etc., of the Battery were also transferred to the care of the Troopers, and the ex-members of the Battery became Gattling Gun members of Troop A, Veteran Association, with full Associate Membership in Troop A Veteran Association.

I find it recorded that the first military company organized in Cleveland was formed in May, 1804. Major Lorenzo Carter, captain, Nathaniel Doan (of Doans Corners), lieutenant, Sam Jones, ensign. In 1825 the first *uniformed* military company was organized. It was a Cavalry Company called The Light Horse Troop. The captain was George L. Chapman. This troop was disbanded early in the '30s. The venerable John Doan, of East Cleveland, was the last surviving member of this troop. He died in 1896 at the age of ninety-six years.

The Cleveland Grays, organized in 1838, have participated in three wars and their military organization is now one of the oldest in America. The first "full uniform" street parade of the "Greys" was on September 6, 1838, with Timothy Ingraham as captain. Their appearance had been somewhat delayed by illness of Ingraham and the difficulty of securing enough gray cloth for their uniforms.

From an old-time record furnished by a friend whose very

wording I have used in part, I have the following thrilling tale of some bold young Clevelanders of the Gold Rush period.

On September 27, 1849, the good ship "Eureka," built in Cleveland, sailed from here for the then almost unknown land of California. Gold had been discovered, and a group of adventurous lads, from early Cleveland families, hoping to gain some of it, were passengers on this little ship which passing out through the lakes Erie and Ontario and the St. Lawrence River, via the Welland Canal, made Cleveland for the first time an actual seaport. Braving the Atlantic and rounding Cape Horn to the Pacific and the west coast of America, this small craft ended its journey of ten months by the tragedy of wreck and abandonment in San Francisco Harbor.

Among these Cleveland Argonauts were John P. Jones, Henry Jones, George Harvey, C. P. Cutler, George Hickox, Mr. Sargent and William Halsey Doan, of the Doans Corners family. Most of them returned in a year or two, but Halsey Doan remained about twelve years and the Jones brothers for a still longer time. One of them, John P. Jones, tarried for twenty years, not returning until he had accumulated a large fortune. He, afterwards known as The Silver King, became a United States Senator from the state of Nevada, which office he held for something more than thirty years.

RAILWAYS

Much later than the Quarry Railway and even after the East Cleveland Street Railway came there were, during the '70s and '80s, two other street railways constructed and operated in and adjacent to this city, both discontinued long since. The Lake View, Collamer and Euclid Railway, commonly called the

Dummy Road, was built about 1875, it being a narrow gauge, steam road, running through its own private right-of-way, parallel with and not far from the present Wade Park Avenue, the line extending from about 79th Street to Euclid Village. Successful for a time, it eventually, through a receiver's sale, came into the ownership of "Popcorn" Lewis, who was shrewd and rather eccentric, both in dress and manner. Beginning business as a peddler of popcorn from a hand basket, he was rather proud of the fact, and even after acquiring wealth carried a basket upon his arm while going about the streets. This basket, however, was beautifully woven and painted, with close-fitting covers. Rumor said that it was his safe-deposit box, being filled with bonds and other securities, which I always doubted.

Mr. S. C. Blake, now retired and who has kindly refreshed my memory in regard to the Dummy railway, was connected with its operation for some years. Mr. Blake's grandmother, Mrs. Dennis Cooper, was related to the Doans. The Cooper family came to Euclid in 1814, while Mrs. Blake's grandfather and grandmother, the Colemans, had settled in the same locality in 1802, owning at that time a large part of Euclid Creek Valley. As indicated by these dates, both the Colemans and Coopers were among the very early settlers on the Western Reserve.

In 1889 Charles Hathaway, Frank De Haas Robison and their associates, with John Shipherd as their financial agent, built the Cable Railway, extending from Water Street eastward through Superior Street, with a side line out Payne and Hough Avenues to Cable Park. This Park embraced about thirteen acres of the old Nichols pasture in and about where the Rockefeller Lagoon now is. The railway company bought this tract for about $1,000 per acre. Here for several summers, in this natural amphitheatre, the

company gave very successfully out-door opera and spectacular fire works exhibitions. I especially recall a production of the opera "Aida" by a good company with fine soloists and a large and excellent chorus. The natural scenery of meadow, trees and water made a background which added greatly to a really fine rendition of this opera.

So may the city that I love be great
Till every stone shall be articulate.
—Foulke.

"His book is a masterpiece of unaffected, yet most effective, writing and is a monument of local history and neighborhood interest."

—N. Lawson Lewis
in Finance & Industry

* * *

"You have produced a book of abiding interest, and a valuable and permanent contribution to local history."

—Paul Lemperly

* * *

"Your beautiful book has just come and I at once sat down to examine it. It is not only very interesting, but of great permanent value."

—C. K. Bolton
Librarian, Boston Athenaeum

* * *

"The delightfully informal manner in which you tell the story gives the book a real charm."

—Rev. F. Q. Blanchard

* * *

"Your most delightful book arrived. It brought back many happy memories, which included some good laughs and a few tears."

—Elizabeth Early

* * *

"You certainly put 'Doans Corners' on the map. I received a copy of your book yesterday and did not go to bed last night until I had read it all through and I expect to read it through again, as it is an extremely fascinating book."

—Fred A. McReynolds
Great Grandson of Nathaniel Doan

"Particularly graphic is this little portion which we quote:

'There were wild rabbits in our orchard and in the old Cemetery that adjoined it. Once I saw a family of quail seemingly quite at home in the same locality. An old woodchuck lived for some years under our barn and became large, fat and fearless. He, of course, hibernated during the winter, but in summer took possession of our back yard grass plat. My spirited terrier dog Pepper, a great ratter and "catter," could never quite get up the courage to really tackle this old chap with the ugly, projecting teeth and fierce rushes. I watched them, day after day, the burly old chuck nibbling grass and utterly ignoring the frantic dog, till the time came to rush and drive off the greatly excited Pepper, which of all my long list of dogs is the one I still dream of.'

These are the little vignettes which give life and vitality to the book.

Poor Pepper, is it possible that within the memory of one man you worried a woodchuck on what is now one of the busiest corners in the city, if not in the United States!"

CARLE B. ROBBINS *in The Bystander*